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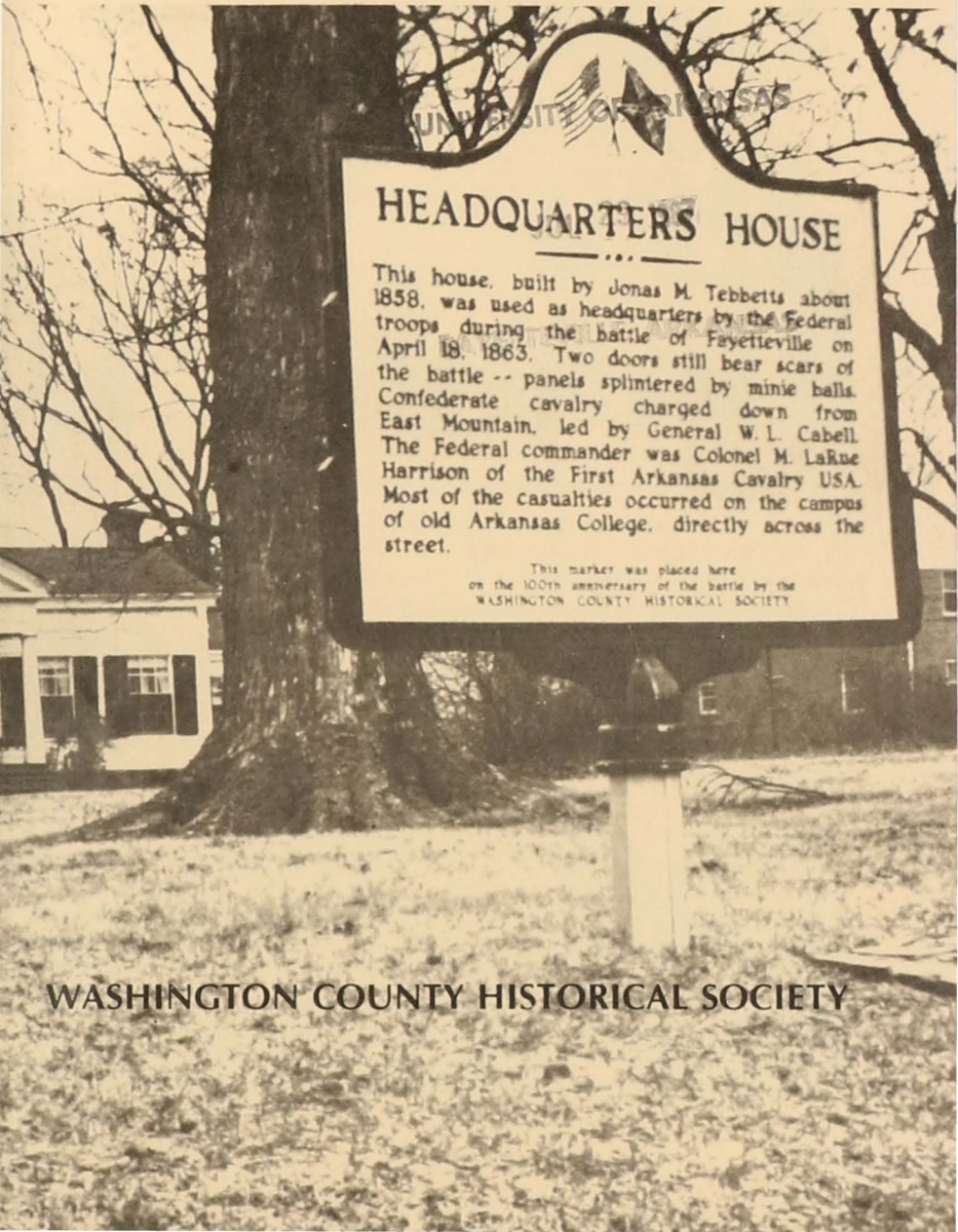
PRESERVING THE PAST FOR THE FUTURE

Flashback


HEADQUARTERS HOUSE
This house, built by Jonas M. Tebbetts about 1858, was used as headquarters by the Federal troops during the battle of Fayetteville on April 18, 1863. Two doors still bear scars of the battle -- panels splintered by minie balls. Confederate cavalry charged down from East Mountain, led by General W. L. Cabell. The Federal commander was Colonel M. LaRue Harrison of the First Arkansas Cavalry USA. Most of the casualties occurred on the campus of old Arkansas College, directly across the street.
This marker was placed here on the 100th anniversary of the battle by the WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Membership in our Society is open to anyone interested in the collection and preservation of Washington County's history. We have members in all 50 states. Dues are on a discretionary "give what one chooses" basis starting with $7.50 annually rising to $150 for a lifetime membership. Donations, tax deductible according to current law, are gratefully received throughout the year. Copies of FLASHBACK for past issues are $5.00 each, current year's quarterlies are $3.00 each.

PRESERVING THE PAST FOR THE FUTURE

Flashback

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THE DIARY OF Philander Powell

Through the courtesy of Society member Mrs. Robert L. Combs, Jr., we are privileged to publish the diary of Philander Powell who left Washington County, Arkansas with other residents of that area in April of 1860 and reached the West Coast in October. Although some discrepancies in dates appear, we think them unimportant to the story, and have made no effort to clarify them.

April 19th, 1860 A.D. On this day we, us and company left our homes for the awfully long trip to Californey, all in good spirits. We traveled two miles and camped at one Mr. Runnel's. The thunder rolled and the lighten flashed. Next morning we geared up and parting from some of our relative friends we pursued our journey a few miles and come to White River. We found it tolerable full and rising. We drove our loose cattle in, and they washed down under a bluff and turned and swam back with the exception of 3 or 4 and one calf that drowned. We then drove them in again and got them over. We brought up our wagons and got over by a tight fit—by getting everything wet.

We camped that night near the gap of the mountain at one Mr Shard's. It rained and blowed all night and everything was afloat next morning.

Next morning Mr. Shard wanted us to pay him $5 for an empty field. Lane split the difference and paid him $2.50. We went on to Fayetteville. This was the 21st. There they came out with their attachments and garnishees and they attached and garnished us on every side with those ungodly things. There was Mr. Samuel Morse and Mr. Robert Hodges and Mr. Whitson Taylor to back them, and this was all for another man's affairs. They believing we were helping him to get out of the country—that is the State of Arkansas—but I guess we outdone them and got away without the help of a garnishee.

We drive that evening to or near Doc Dean's plantation—dark overtaking us we turned everything loose in the woods to shift until morning. When starting time came the next morning we found we were 50 head of cattle out of pocket—also two mules. It took us that day to find the mules and two more days to find most of the cattle.

On Monday we got started on our way. We lost 2 head of small cattle at noon—they strayed off in the brush. Between our noon camp and the stream called the Illinois Mrs. Boyd got thrown from her wagon. She was not badly hurt. We camped at the stream that night.

We drove on to Elm Prairie in the Cherokee Nation the next day. There a mule was lost and Miles Slater lost two horses. We all hands hunted two days for them, and in that time an Indian brought in one horse which cost $2.50 and another Indian brought in the mule—Lane paid $6.00 for that.

We rolled over on the Grand river the following day and crossed over without the help of a ferry. The gravel in the bed of the river was deep, making the pulling hard. Going on about a mile from the river we camped by the edge of the prairie hills which are very interesting looking to me. After noon the next day we rolled out upon the wide spread prairie country. That day we crossed the road leading from Texas to Kansas and Iowa and beheld a drove of a thousand head of cattle traveling to the North. A Mr. Ross and party came on from the big drove, thinking we must have some of his stock, and we were just as innocent as a hen on a nest. We rolled on til night and camped where it looked like there warn't enough water to drink. Henry Lewis, fool-like, took a hook and caught fish, almost enough for breakfast next morning.

We have right smart fun along shooting prairie hens. Driving along next day we met with Mr. Cody, a native of the Cherokee Nation. He lives on the Verdigree. In the afternoon we covered 12 miles more. The next day we traveled 5 mi. to the creek and stayed there 2½ days. Leaving the Creek on the third afternoon we went on 5 mi. and camped again. We rolled on the next morning, leaving the wagons of Mr. Cooley and Short and Lewis to follow us. They have not caught up with us yet. We met a wagon and 2 men today. They had 4 buffalo calves and a land frog, the first of either I ever saw.

That night a yoke of steers were lost—run off by the Indians it seemed. Lewis and Mecane who stayed behind to hunt them found their tracks, with horse tracks along with those of the steers. Water is very scarse, as there has been no rain here since February last. Some times we have to go 20 miles between water. We see a few antelopes and kiotees occasionally. We camped next on Indian Creek—well, that seemed a good name for it. About 25 rusty Osages passed by in sight and 10 or 12 came in to camp. Some gave them something to eat and some got mad at them before they departed—Lydia for one. They wanted everything they saw. They were out to hunt buffalo.

We geared up our teams and rolled on 16 or 18 miles and camped where there was neither land, timber or water. The country is broken and hilly—prairie hens and kiotees with right smart Indian sign, and antelopes a-running.

The next day we rolled on to Little Walnut and camped there 2 nights. There had been about a hundred Indians camped at this site the night before we came by. They had barbequed a buffalo here.

We lost 4 head of cattle at our last camping point. It took us a day to find them. Driving 8 miles next day we came to Big Walnut creek and nooned. By inquiring of some of the people living by the Walnut we found it was 16 mi. to wood and water, so we crossed the Creek and moved on a mile and camped.

About daylight next morning there came up a master hail, rain and wind storm, the worse I have seen in many a long daytime. It blowed so hard it floored some of the tents and moved some of the wagons, and that smartly that is scattered the cattle so badly that we haven't found them yet. It may have blowed them clear away for all I know. This was the morning of the 21st of May. The boys are still looking for the lost cattle.

May 22nd After hunting all day the boys rounded up the cattle, with the exception of one. We stayed on another night and had more thunder and lighting. We expected this storm and tied and staked our tents and locked and propped our wagons. Only a sprinkle of rain fell.

May 23rd We pitched out to drive up the cattle and six head missing. We started on leaving Henry Lewis and Mr. Russell to hunt them up.

May 24th They have just come in with the cattle. Henry said he met with good luck of getting to camp with a friend going to Californey and says when

he reached their camp he was very nearly perished for water. We are now camped on a creek called White Water in Kansas territory. We rolled on and left Mr. Russell to look for a cow that run back to Walnut creek, on the hunt for her calf he sold. He did not find her so that man showed him a Yankee trick by buying the calf and getting the cow thrown in. We camped that night 16 or 18 mi. from White Water. We overtook a wagon going to Pike's Peak. We see various curiosities each day such a kiotees, antelopes, land frogs, and a country we can look all around us and not see a stick of timber.

May 26th We left camp this morning with our minds fixed toward Californey but lo, our attention was called to a more serious affair. About 10:00 in the morning I was driving my team in the lead. I was walking 12 to 15 feet from the wagon—Lydia being in the wagon but not paying attention to the children. Our Levoina fell out on the ground in the path of the wheel. She screamed and I looked around. Before I could stop the fore wheel had rolled over her and the hind one caught her, too. It broke her thigh and bruised her up right smartly. We set and done up her leg and rolled on. We camped at a little creek called the Running Turkey—right where we struck the Santa Fe road. That night our stock strayed away and we struck off hunting for them and found them miles away. After finding the cattle we pushed on about 15 mi. We camped where there was neither wood nor water or very little grass. That night we cooked with the chips the buffalo chopps (drops?) as they travel through this western country. We took turns, 3 men to the watch, and stood herd on the cattle all night.

Now, my dear friends, if you ever expect to cross the windy and open way to Californey—do pick good camping points where you can pay good attention to your stock and keep them together. It takes too much time hunting for them when they stray. It makes the trip very long and tiresome when a day or more a week is lost. Always keep your water kegs full so as to keep from perishing for water.

May 28th We left our dry camp and picked Little Arkansas for our next camping point, which we reached about 6:00 in the evening. This was one of the dustiest, windiest days I ever saw in my 33 years of time. This Santa Fe road I reckon is traveled more than half the roads in Arkansas. At all times in the day we can see wagons, teams, people and drovés of cattle and mules. On this day Mr. Mitchell from the Arkansas, near the Rock, overtook us with 3 wagons and joined our little train bound for Californey.

The next morning we crawled out of our tents and buttoned our coats to warm our bodies from the north wind. The wind had changed during the night.

This being the 29th of May we fastened to our wagons and moved on to camp again 20 mi. away on Cow creek.

We remained at the Cow Creek camp the following day. Our women wanted to wash and we needed to hunt for meat. We whirled out, some 4 or 5 or us, and killed 4 buffalo directly. I want to drop a few lines to those Fayetteville officers, not bragging on them or trying to run them down, I do think if they intend to make their living from now on as I think they have heretofore—that is taking poor people's property away from them, I will ad-

vise them to come to this country where we could pay them off and not miss the property. We have hunted this makes two days for some lost cattle.

May 30th I went out toward evening to see if I could get a shot at a buffalo. I walked a long way before I could get any show amongst them and then they were so wild I had to shoot at them a-running. I got in 5 shots and nary a shot under 200 yards but I crippled 3 old bulls. I broke a shoulder of the last one and Mr. Robertson and Mr. Russell fetched him to bay and killed him. After he was down he looked bigger to me than Crack's oath did to me when he swore out an attachment against me for $16 and costs and wouldn't give me a chance for a trial.

May 31st We still remain on Cow Creek, hunting for our lost cattle. We had our teams geared up before we missed them. All hands pitched out looking for them. After searching 4 mi. or so around we found nothing. A heavy cloud came up and some rain fell. We stood through the flurry and stayed on another night. So next morning being the 1st day of June some went our hunting for the strayed cattle before they got a bite to eat. Some waited for their grub. Two of those who went first went as though to milk. They ditched their buckets and started back toward Arkansas. We hadn't expected anything of this sort. After a bit, Mr. Russell, their parent, struck out and overtaking them brought them back to camp. The lost cattle were not found that day and being determined not to lose another day we set a guard on our cattle all that night.

June 2nd After getting our breakfast next morning we hitched to our wagons and rolled out, leaving ten head of cattle behind; 1 yoke of 3 year steers, 3 cows and the balance smaller ones. We rolled on 20 mi. to camp that night on the Big Arkansas. There are lots of trains of Santa Fe traders and U.S. trains and Pike's Peak trains all along. Also plenty of prairie dogs and buffalo and the boys have sport amongst them.

Those darned Kansas Yankees stole those cattle we lost. They well tell you the Indians are bad to steal, and they do the stealing themselves.

Sunday morning, June 3rd We now roll along up the River. We traveled 18 or 20 mi. and camped right on the bank of the river. We waded the river to get wood and water. The river is near one-half mile in width. Dark came on and most of us were in our beds. The alarm rang out that Indians were crossing the river above and below the camps. Some one run to Lane's tent with the doleful cry "The Indians—the Indians are coming." Lane dressed himself and Mr. Lane came on the run to borrow a round of bullets for his six-shooter. He dashed back to his own camp and set someone to molding bullets. The one who was to do the molding asked how many they must mold. He replied, "A thousand—in a few minutes the fight will be on." Mr. Mecane was a-rarin' and tearin'—he'd like to know where the H— his bullets had got to. Says he, "I put them right here and now, by God, thar gone and I (can't) get a — light to find anything."

About this time someone who had been out scouting and listening to the noise in the water reported that it was wolves or kiotees running after frogs in the water. I dropped off to sleep—leaving them a-jawing.

June 4th We now leave the battleground of the kiotees and pursue our journey. This day we reached the Pawnee fork of the Arkansas and camped near a fort which has been built just this year. I did not learn the name of this fort. The soldiers are here to keep the Indians down. The Kiowa Indians killed 15 emigrants along here in the winter.

June 5th We are again camped on the bank of the river, after traveling about 15 mi. We think there is a prospect of another stampede with the women folks and maybe another bloody battle among the wolves and bullfrogs. It is now about sundown and we are about to have an election—that is to elect a captain. As we were going along this morning there came a Mexican riding in before us, took a couple of cows from our drove and run them to his own train of wagons. Henry and Haulcomb went and fetched them back.

We go on 12 or 14 mi. a day with some hunting for lost stock.

In the time of this day we passed the forks of the road where the Santa Fe road left our road. Nine miles farther on we camped—covering 18 mi. in the day.

Some geared up and went on next morning and some did not. The news was cried out that some could not travel that day on account of illness. Lydia, my wife, increased our family today with another girl. This happened on the 11th of June. The 12th we rolled on again. We left a steer behind with two of the boys to hunt him. They found nothing and caught up with the train later. Mr. Russell and Henry Lewis went back and rounded up the steer. It was into the night when they came into camp. We had traveled about 19 miles that day.

The next day we covered about 13 or 14 miles, camping about 5 o'clock in the evening—right on the river bank and all is well. I thank you, and how are you yourself?

June 14th We now strike up the river to find something new to write about. We have not seen anything worth writing about for several days. Today there raised a row between Mr. Mecane and one of his hands. Mecane insulted Holcomb by saying he did not hunt for the steer he was sent to look for. So they jawed right smart, but made it up, I think, at last.

We still go on without any rules or regulations and a poor go-on it is, too. They will all go together and settle on one thing to do, all but one hand maybe. he will finally agree, took then they will all fall out of the notion but him, so they cross left smartly amongst one another and throw themselves back as much as possible. If Crack and and Mays were here and a few of their hired officers, I think they would get along better.

June 15th This morning we leave our camp to look for better range up the river a-piece and to see what we can see. The things we see each day are a curiosity to a heap of us. Today we saw a fresh grave near the road. We could not make out the name on the head board—we heard of a young man being killed by a gunshot accident. We came this day to where there

had been the heaviest kind of hailstorm that we ever saw or heard of. Trash was drifted 10 to 12 high on level ground and showed where a right smart current had run. We are camping tonight with the expectation of laying by tomorrow for the women to wash.

June 16th We laid by sure enough. Tonight Henry sung and prayed, and done it all with his fiddle and got members to join him in abundance. They just crowded in so close and fast—both ladies and gentlemen—that he did not know how to come at their names so he got Mecane to play the fiddle a few tunes and took a partner and danced a reel with the rest. He told us he felt more like he had religion working on him than at any time since starting on this trip—it was a mighty queer feeling, he allowed. That wasn't all we done that night—we caught two catfish and got sleep a-plenty.

June 17th We rolled on to find another fishing place farther up the river and to find a suitable place to have another dance if we think it necessary. We got along very well today, excepting for a mild stampede in the evening among the loose cattle. It scared some of the women very badly but done no real harm, I reckon. As we were some one of the oxen got scared at a dog in the grass and like to have started another stampede. A young man by the name of Robertson went fishing down the river a short piece. He found a man's hat with 2 bullet holes in it and a pair of drawers laying nearby. He came into camp puffing and blowing and related that he had been wounded himself. We examined him and found him only badly mosquito-bit so we went no farther than our beds.

June 18th We pushed on up the river, getting along tolerable smooth today. Not much of interest but we have some fun ever now and then.

June 19th At noon three wagons pulled out on a sandy desert-like place—an unlikely place to rest. The balance of the train went on about a mile before stopping. When the first wagons came by they just rolled on and appeared to be mad. That night the camps were a mile and a half apart and they stayed ahead all day.

June 20th The weather being very hot and dry, we pursued our dusty course up the river past a fort called Fort Bent. We get along very well, covering 18 to 20 miles a day. We see many things new to our eyes, too tedious to mention. These hilly patches of broken country put me in mind of a large sweet potato patch that hasn't been set in slips. They are hills of pure sand. I wish I had thought to have brought the slips along and filled the hills so that my friends from Arkansas could have dug the punkins next Spring as they came along. They would have been good sauce.

We came to where there had been a wagon encamped. They were having a drunken spree and a big set-to and an Indian killed a Mexican and his own cousin, an Indian, and wounded another spaniard—he recovered. The dead men were buried in the same grave. This was done about 65 mi. from Pike's Peak. The Yankees and Spaniards are settling all along the river here and doing very well. They are raising plenty of grain of all kinds and plenty of cattle. There is one Frenchman here within about 60 mi. of the Peak who has been living here 30 years. He has 700 acres in cultivation. He works 60 work hands and raised all kinds of vegetables and plenty of grain of several kinds. He says he sells everything he raises for 10¢ a lb. I'd rather live up here on the Arkansas than to live in Washington County, Ark. where Crack and Mays and their beloved Taylor and Hodges could get a swear at me for a little money. I'd rather cultivate the land here and sell such things as I cound raise at 10¢ per lb. than be any Fayetteville officer I ever saw. I want all of my friends to leave that country and let Crack and Mays be officeholders for as long as they live—for where wild dogs and wolves live honest men can raise no sheep. We are now camped right where the road leaves the river about 45 mi. from Pike's Peak. There are two companies of us camped in sight. We had a hands around shooting match. I beat the winner and won a Christmas treat off Jone Lane. The boys are gathering up the cattle to herd them 'til morning. We expect to leave the river road tomorrow and try the mountain route from here to the Peak.

June 28 We now take to the mountains to find some thing new to the eye, taste and feelings. On this day we drove about 18 mi. and camped. As we drove down into this little valley, there being a ranch a little above. The man living there had a crop in the lower end of the valley and no fence around it. The grass around the plowed ground looked good. The man came staving up on an old gray horse. He commensed belchin' out, "By g—!" He didn't want us turning out on his crop, and if we did we would have to pay for it. We jawed with right smartly about it. Lane asked him if they had any laws. Says he, "We make our own laws." Lane says, "I reckon we can make some laws, too. I never heard of a law," says he, "that would hinder a traveler from camping on the grass." The rancher said for us to travel through Utah or New Mexico and we'd find that their laws were so as to make us pay a license if we turned out on their grass. He looked like a Mormon. We went on and camped about 3 mi. farther on.

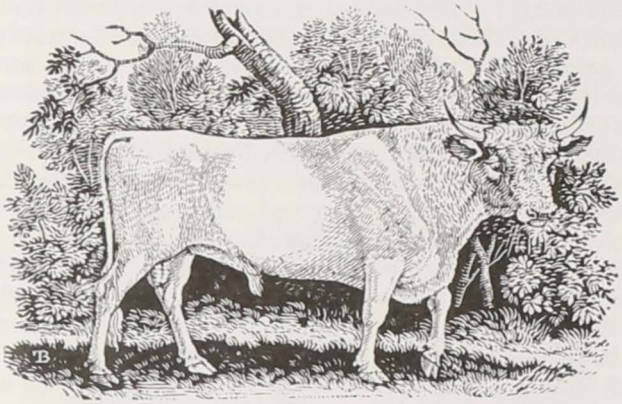
June 29th We got along very well with the exception of a stampede in the evening, and that was just with one steer. We turned him loose with the yoke on to get to see that. Philander is playing the fiddle now (written by Henry).

June 30th We have 12 miles to drive today to reach the next water. After we nooned I went on ahead to see if I could kill an antelope but they were so wild I could not get within 300 yards of them. I came in and took charge of my team and Henry took the gun and tried his luck. He had the same luck I did. We are traveling along opposite the Peak and in full view of it. It puts me in mind of a considerable bank of clouds arising in the heat of summer when a drouth is pending, or what we use to call thunder heads

boiling up. We have 18 mi. to drive tomorrow and I have a right smart bit to do before getting off to an early start and 2 cripples to care for. I had another but Lydia got herself well again.

July 1st We had a battle with the horseflies today and got badly whipped. We rolled along through hilly pine country and the horseflies got so bad that our teams jumped and snorted. It took the best of driving to keep them from running away, with the wagons and breaking them all to smash. I believe I saw 100 flies at one time on 1 ox. Some of the drivers turned out some of their oxen so they could handle the balance. Clouds hid the sun in the late afternoon and as it turned cooler the flies ceased their firing so we had peace the rest of the evening. We drove along on the branch and camped at Pine Bluff where the branch runs near the hills. We saw a gave with the Roman cross raised over it.

July 2nd We now leave the Pine Bluff and pursue our northward course. We had very rough road all day and covered about 18 miles. We are camped tonight on Cherry creek. There has been a steam sawmill located here but has been moved away, leaving a right smart pile of sawdust and slabs and several cabins and a nice frame house, with a couple of families living here yet.



July 3rd We push on down Cherry Creek from the old mills. We aimed to travel 20 mi. today to where my old friend Mathy Steel lives. We covered 8 mi. before noon. We met a Dutchman at noon who told us it was 12 long miles to Steel's yet, so we went on 'til a half hour by sun and pitched our tents, thinking we lacked 20 or 3 mi. of being there. Next morning being the Fourth—a great day with most—well, it was a better day for me than you would think, for we drove about 1 mi. and came to the Steels' ranch which put a smile on our faces to see a family of people from our own State and County—near neighbors for the while they lived there. We found them well and well pleased with their situation. We stopped there 3 or 4 hours and enjoyed a good visit with them. They begged us to stay longer and could hardly get off from them without spending the night. Mathy chatted with us very freely and gave us all the information that he could. He had been all over to the mines and told us some were making good wages and some were

not clearing expenses. Some were even going about trying to work for their grub. He took us over his garden to look at his vegetables—which looked very prosperous. He told us he would sell a thousand dollars worth besides their own eating. We took leave of our friends about 12 o'clock and rolled on to overtake the balance of our train. They had kept on traveling while we were at the Steels. We overtook them 10 miles from there and 3 mi. from Denver city. We stretched our tents and got to sleep.

July 5th Denver City is on the bank of the South Platte right at the mouth of Cherry Creek. It has from six to eight hundred buildings in it now. Some of them very nice ones. There are wagons and tents to about the same amount as the number of houses. This is a beautiful place for a town but as to the people-I cannot brag on them for their good behavior or their beauty. They shoot and stab and kill each other. On the 4th there were 3 shot and 2 stabbed and 4 beaten up. On the 5th while we were in town news came to us that there was a man cut to pieces with a knife and another shot—that smartly, too. We thought this was no place for one-eyed men and did not stay more than an hour. We rolled ahead about 5 mi. and camped on Clear Creek. There is a toll bridge, 50¢ per wagon. Part of the train had to stop just before camp was reached. A fine daughter was born to Mrs. Russell. They brought the baby on and dressed it after arriving at camp. Several people have ranches along Clear Creek. They gave us notice they would kill our stock if they got into their gardens. We told them the second shot would be ours. We joured right smartly with them. In the night 2 of them were seen sauntering among our stock. Mr. Hines discovered them and asked to know what business they had there. One of them allowed we were playing h— guarding our cattle out of their gardens. After a few rough words they left. In the morning we found our stock had strayed and about 25 head of cattle were in a garden. Three men were in there throwing tomahawks at them. Our boys pitched in and helped get them out with no harm among them. One man shot at a cow but did not hit her. Leaving there we traveled on about 15 mi. We remained at this camp a day. Four steers came up missing here and we had right serious sickness among ourselves. Mrs. Boyd had a very tight spell. We thought she would die and would have had she not got relief right quick. A good many of us were taken sick.

July 8th We increased our train by two more wagons today. We traveled about 15 mi. The grass was so good where we camped that we had a strong notion of entering a forty and staying here. We decided to lay that over for a future day.

July 9th We are about 14 mi. farther on our way and camped on a stream where there are 600 soldiers camped.

July 10th We covered 15 or 16 mi. today and through the day we met soldiers in abundance. We had a powerful storm of wind and rain. After the encounter we found no great injury was done to the train. We gathered up our cattle and drove on after the storm was over. We camped beside a little creek that night and remained there the next day. The women done their wash. We lived through another storm. It was considerable hail mixed with rain. The wind blew right smartly, too.

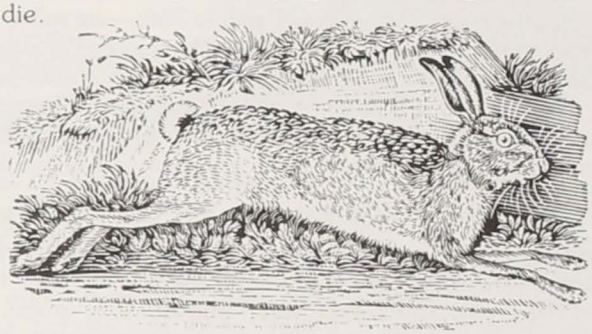
July 12th We rolled onward 15 or 16 mi. and on this day we crossed a stream called Cushly Poody—on a bridge at 50¢ per wagon. There was a little town the name of which we did not learn. Indians were in abundance there. We went on about 12 mi. beyond the town and camped on a little branch that was dry except for standing holes of water. The bald Rocky Mountains are showing on every side of us now.

July 13th We made fast to our wagons and drove on with the expectations of getting to Californy some time. We covered about 15 mi. and camped by a little stream that was so crooked it formed a figure 8 around a little hill.

July 14th This day we traveled over the roughest, rockiest country I ever saw in my life that I know of and have all remained safe and sound. We are camped on a little branch some distance out in what they call the Black Hills. In the time we were crossing the Black Hills I was taken sick with a very hot fever. I got clear out of my mind. The fever cooled in a couple days after I took a dose of Blewmas pills (blue mass?) but I did not sleep for 4 days and nights. I had very curious feelings about me all of the time. I wasn't to say hard sick at any time but it appeared that sleep had disappeared from my eyes.

July 15th We rolled on some 15 mi. today over quite a rough road and camped on the Laramie. Here our train was joined by five men with three wagons.

June 16th The boys killed two antelopes this evening. We covered about 12 mi. today and are camped on a little creek where there is no wood or buffalo chips. Nothing to burn but sage brush about the size of your finger. Lydia's baby came very near dying—was so nigh that some of them gave it up to die.



July 17th We traveled 12 mi. over some very rough road today and camped on a little branch. I killed two antelope as we went along (this is Henry that is talking now). I killed a jackrabbit, too. I was 'fraid to tell you all of it at once—afeered you couldn't take it!

July 18th Today we traveled about 15 mi. over the worse road I ever saw, I think. We are camped tonight on a little branch where there is no grass and the hills are so clost on both sides that we can't hardly breathe good.

July 19th Our cattle were badly scattered this morning. We got them together with much trouble. We made fast to our wagons for to travel a few miles farther toward Californy. We covered about 8 mi. and camped on a

creek called Medicine Bow. An Indian squaw was killed here a couple of days ago. She was shot by another Indian. Some of the boys went out hunting this evening. Mr. Holcomb killed a fine, fat buck elk, about 2 years old. It was splendid to eat. It tastes like venison and beef, and the fat tastes like mutton—all very good tastes.

July 20th We now leave camp to count a few more miles on our journey. We had moderate road, passing between many high peaks of mountains. We had a sorter wet evening and very wet night.

July 21st We traveled about 17 mi. and camped on a little creek called Plette. About one mile below us is a little store. We expect to remain here until day after tomorrow. When that day came we stayed on another day.

July 24th We drove up our cattle and having the creek to cross we only traveled about 3 mi. and camped on the branch—they call it a creek in this country—this one is Sage creek. This day being July 25th—we rolled on about 17½ mi. and are camped now at a little pinry where there is snow within a mile of us. Some of the boys just got back with some snow.

July 26th We gathered up our stock, fastened our teams to our wagons and started oward—bound for Californey—whether we'll reach that place or not we can't say. We traveled about 12 mi. and camped in a canyon called Bridgers Pass.

July 27th Our cattle had very poor grass and were so hungry they strayed away. We had trouble gathering them together. We had very narrow road today and bad ups and downs with the mts. coming in clost to the creek on both sides and the creek banks were steep and not dug much. We had to lock two wheels of our wagon and one wheel of our tongue oxen and tie our leaders to a grub to get down the bank safe. We nooned across the creek. We met a train loaded with flour from Salt Lake City, going to Denver. We camped on a creek called the Muddy and had covered about 12 mi. There was some Indian and Mormon hunters camped near us.

July 28th We rolled onward about 20 mi. and camped by a spring that night. The soldiers had sunk a barrel in the spring with the water boiling up in the bottom of the barrel. No grass for our stock and about half of the cattle got alkalied that night.

July 29th We had some trouble getting our stock together. Our horses

were gone and that took time to gather them up. We covered about 12 mi. and camped for the night on Bridger's fork of Muddy Creek. We passed some odd looking mts. today. They looked to be about 100 feet tall and straight up and down, within 10 ft. of the top they sloped off to a point. One went by the name of Haystack and it looked like one. We see many strange things that I haven't time to write of.

July 30th We are laying by today on account of Mr. Mecane being sick. We have poor grass and bad water. Grass has been very scarse for some time now. We have had several cases of Mountain fever. We have plenty of chicken and dumplings (made of mule eared rabbits). It gives a good feeling of home in a strange land.

July 31st We left camp this morning to pursue our mountainous journey. We have monsterous crooked, hilly, up and down ways to travel. I think if the road to Californey was straightened out it would reach there and halfway back, if put on a direct course. We traveled only about 12 mi. and camped early on acount of coming to grass. Lydia was taken with a severe pain in her head and suffered very much. Dock and me went on a rabbit hunt. Dock shot one through the shoulders and it lit out over the hill. I ran after him and shot him again, then we had rejoicing to think we could kill a rabbit with 2 shots, and to think what a pot of 'chicken and dumplings' was depending.

August 1st This was a terrible day. After traveling 15 mi. we camped here with no grass or water and were miserable. Two mi. farther on we came to grass and water and stayed there 'til noon. We had 9 more mi. to go to the crossing. Close to the crossing I saw on a rock under a cliff the T. J. Witt and the date—Aug. 26, 1859. This is August 1, 1860.

August 3rd We had 22 mi. today to reach a spring called Biuff spring. We got off to a late start and made it to the camp site by a half hour by sun. Some of our company pronounced it the wrong spring and rolled on, believing they would find another ahead. So we drove on till dark and found no other spring. No wood or water or grass worth a cent. About this time of day there was a man about my size mad enough to have preached some man's funeral. I thought of what Benj. Franklin said, "A still tongue makes a wise head." So I held my peace—thinking I'd see what effect it would have through the run of the day. I killed 1 rabbit and 1 badger. To a heap of people the badger is a strange animal. They live in the ground and some times weigh as much as 40 lbs.

August 4th We have about 11 mi. to go to reach Green River. We got up our cattle and behold! our horses and mules were missing. We found them about 4 mi. away. We rolled on about 5 mi. and nooned. There came up a shower. We rolled on to the river and crossed over. The charge was $2 per wagon. (I got across for $1.50 as that was all I had.) We all camped on the bank of the river. Ike and Robertson went back for a bull that was left because he was lame. They were some into the night getting in. Next morning we riz early to get off from here. After a lot of hunting we got our badly scattered cattle together but decided we'd best stay on another day. Our next camping point is 14 miles away. Some Indians stole 2 oxen from the ferryman the first evening we were here. One ox came in the next day Some of our boys went with the ferrymen to hunt for the other ox and found it tied to a sagebrush. Three men stayed in hiding to waylay the Indians when they came back for the ox. When they appeared, the men began to fire away. The Indians shot 1 gun and 1 arrow and our boys shot 9 shots. The boys fearing there might be more Indians nearby than they could take care of, made tracks for camp—coming in after dark, right smartly scared, believing the Indians might follow and pester the whole train.

August 6th We now leave Green River. The ferry men breaks up and goes with us. Their home is near Provo town in the Salt Lake valley. The name of the head ferryman is Bulard. We rolled our wagon wheels onward about 15 long miles today. The road was good. We are camped on Black's Fork. The grass and water is good but only have sagebrush to use for wood.

August 7th We pitched out upstream. Within 8 mi. we struck the main Independence road to Californey. We nooned and rolled on 4 mi. Near where we are camped are people living in tents. One man told us he has been living here for 20 years. They have Indian wives and plenty of horses and cattle.

August 8th We rolled on for 16 mi. and camped. As we traveled along today we counted the carcasses of 296 cattle and about 1,000 abandoned wagons. Rotting away and doing no one any good. We also saw a grizzley bear.

August 9th We rolled along over 12 more miles of road today and are camped on the same fork of Green River.

August 10th We covered another 12 mi. and camped on Ham's Fork

within 4 mi. of Fort Bridger. Jackson of our train bought a big freight wagon at a mail station today for $12. Back home it would have cost $100. They have too many on hand as their teams died off. The government had employed these people to move the soldiers to Utah.

August 11th We are laying by today to rest our cattle and for our women to wash and sun the beds and clothing. We are seeking information as to which road to travel from here on through. Some advise us one way and some another.

August 12th We reached the Fort and mailed several letters. We nooned nearby then rolled on about 9 mi. and camped by a spring. There is a blacksmith shop here. The people keep butter for sale and all hands bought of them.

August 13th I had the bad luck of finding one of my wheel steers lame and I began to be brought to my studies. I sold my wagon for $10.00 this was $5 in cash and $3 in ox shoes and $2 worth of butter @ 25¢ per lb. We loaded our things in one of Lane's wagons and went on. The dust storms were bad and the road very rough and crooked. We covered 16 mi. and camped on the head brakes of Bear river by a spring. Good grass and water. We have been traveling downhill for 2 days.

August 14thth We are now in Aco canyon, going along Yellow creek. We see many strange kinds of timber and other curiosities.

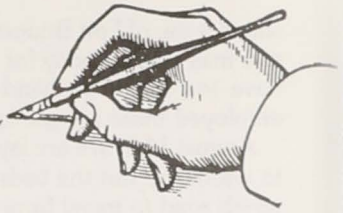
(To be continued)

Aluminum Is The Coming Metal

TIN WILL BE DISPLACED.

Aluminum has merits which tin has not,
and also all the merits of tin.

Our Readers Write



J.R. McCurdy, 6100 Calumet, Amarillo, TX 79106 to Lois Miller, corresponding secretary of the Society: I appreciated your taking the time and trouble to try to find the answer as to what caused the death of my great-grandfather James Donalds' parents, Allen and Elizabeth in 1839 or before. The Probate Court records there show he was made a "ward" of his Uncle Wilson Mc(Curdy) when he was eight years old and his brother, David Appleby, and sister, Susan Elizabeth, were also placed with other kin there in Washington County.

From 1836 to 1838 eight of the children of David McCurdy, Jr., along with his widow, Elizabeth Appleby, migrated from Williamson County, TN to Washington County and to Crawford County, and they and their descendants lived there until after the Civil War when some came to Texas and others moved to Green County, MO.

My grandparents were second cousins and both descended from David Mc, Jr. — grandfather through Allen and grandmother through his brother Samuel, so their kin left lots of tracks in the early days of Arkansas.

I am enclosing my check for $15 for supporting membership and request that the excess be applied wherever needed.

My query is: What was the "given" name of the McCurdy on the plaque at old Mt. Comfort? Another query is: Can anyone identify the other McCurdys on the enclosed list of Confederate soldiers from Arkansas?

I did all of my genealogy research the hard way but in order to help future researchers on the family I am sending by separate mail three published books on the family along with a descendancy chart prepared by a distant cousin, Patricia McCurdy, who descended from the brother William who came from TN, and later his descendants moved to Missouri; a research paper prepared by Cleland Early, descended also from James Donald, as part of his application for membership in The Sons of the Revolutionary War; the McCurdys of Long Canes which traces the family back to Scotland before the 1200s and includes quite a lot on the McCurdys who settled in Arkansas; and last, but by no means least, a recently published book on the life of my grandfather's oldest sister, Mary Jane, relating hers and her parents' and grandparents' (Martin Kifer and wife Rachael Clabor) history there in Prairie Township before, during and after the Civil War.

Also to be sent is a genealogy book on the Kifer family, recently published. My connection to the Kifers is through Judy Ann Kifer who married my great-grandfather James Donald, and I know after reading the book *The Unbroken Circle* you will agree that not only was she a very devout woman, but tougher than nails. If you have a book review column in your FLASHBACK you might want to mention that this is a limited publication of

only 1,000 copies and can be ordered at a cost of $12.00 delivered from: Jane Robison, 8000 Donore No. 67, San Antonio, TX 78229. I think you will agree that there were no "good old days" in Washington County during and after the Civil War after you have read this most interesting book about what a woman's life was in the pioneer days.

List of all McCurdys who served in the Civil War from Arkansas. Obtained from the Arkansas Historical Commission, One Capitol Mall, Little Rock, AR 72201:

(1) Pvt. William McCurdy, Co. K, 9th Ark. Reg., enlisted 10/11/1861 Van Buren, Ark. Assigned 1 Batt. Ark. Cav., stationed at Camp Donelson 2/28/1863. (This was the father of my grandmother, Willa Estella (Stella) and he went by the name of "Will".)

(2) J.D. (James Donald), Co. B, enlisted Sept. 1862 Mt. Comfort, Washington County, Ark. Assigned 34th Ark. Inf. when transferred to Confederate Service. (Note: This was the father of my grandfather, Jacob R. (Rufus) and he went by the name of "Don".)

(3) Thomas McCurdy, Beaverts' Co. D, enlisted Oct. 26, 1861 Fayetteville, Washington County, Ark. Assigned 2 Ark. Cav., stationed at Camp Donelson 2/28/1863. (Note: This was the husband of Margaret (Aunt Meg) Kifer, younger sister of Judy Ann who was married to James D. McCurdy. His being in the service is the reason his name isn't mentioned in the book *The Unbroken Circle.)*

(4) W.P. McCurdy, Co. K, 9th Ark. Regiment. No other information on his record. (Note: Not able to identify.)

(5) Henry Isace McCurdy, 8th Ark. Inf. Volunteers, killed Dec. 31, 1863. No other information on his record. (Not able to identify).

(6) John J. McCurdy, Co. 6, 9th Ark. Reg., enlisted 1861-1865 Van Buren, Crawford County, Ark. Transferred to Kings Regiment of 22nd Ark. Inf. Honorably discharged May, 1965. (Note: Brother of "Will" and uncle of grandmother Stella.)

(7) M.P. McCurdy, Co. K, 9th Ark. Regiment. No other information. (Unidentified.)

(8) H. McCurdy, Co. D, 8th Ark. Regiment. No other information. (Unidentified.)

(9) H.T. McCurdy, Field Staff, 8th Ark. Regiment, rank Adjutant. No other information. (Unidentified)

(10) James McCurdy, Co. K, 3rd Ark. Inf. No other information. (Note: **possible** brother of Will and John T., but he was born in 1844 and would have been only 17 years old at the beginning of the War.)

(11) Henry McCurdy, Co. K., 34d Ark. Regiment. No other information. (Unidentified.)

Mystery: On the plaque at Old Mount Comfort near Fayetteville, is listed a McCurdy (no first name) as being one of the first four Confederate soldiers

from Washington County to be killed in the Civil War. He was killed in August of 1861 at the battle of Wilson's Creek, which would be in Missouri. All of the McCurdys with gravemarkers buried at Old Mount Comfort Cemetery have been identified, so who is this McCurdy?

If anyone is able to identify positively any of the above, will appreciate hearing from them.

HISTORY OF RHEA COMMUNITY

by Dorothy Johnston, Ph.D.

The purpose of this 232 page (6"x9") hard-cover book containing 72 photos was to research records and resources to find detailed data revealing the history of its people who resided in the area from prehistory to present. Further, to preserve those findings for future generations so they can know the activities within this community over a period of more than one hundred and fifty years, especially during the early development of the county.

History of a community reminds us, young and old, of the basic values such as faith, family, hard work, neighborhood and freedom, all of which make America great.

Rhea community, also called Rhea's Mill, was a major commercial area during the latter half of the last century. It played a role in the development of Washington County, serving not only as a commercial center for people as far away as the Indian Territory, but also producing educators, attorneys and pastors who led and served residents in this and other communities in Washington County, throughout Arkansas as well as other states.

Rhea's Mill was named after William H. Rhea (son of Vincent P. Rhea, the first mayor of Fayetteville), who owned and operated the steam mill and large mercantile store in addition to his farm from 1858 until his death in 1884. According to Professor Walter J. Lemke, there is little doubt that H. Rhea was one of Washington County's most important merchants before and after the Civil War. Except for Fayetteville, where S.K. Stone, Stirman & Dickson, James Sutton, Reed & Ferguson, and William McIlroy held forth there was probably no merchant in the county to compete with him. After his death in 1884, his wife, Elizabeth Rhea, and their sons continued to operate the Rhea businesses including the mill, the store and the farm.

Located in west Washington County, about five miles north of Lincoln, and a half a mile west of blacktop County Road 33, popularly known as the Wedington Road, the Rhea settlement today consists of a dozen homes and four streets. Rhea, with its steam mill plus large mercantile store, was a bustling major trading center in the 1800's; today, the Methodist Church, with it's white spire, in the northwest section stands as a sentinel on the hill overlooking a serene setting for the forty-one residents, including seventeen children.

West of the settlement, near the top of the mountain, runs a bluff with cave openings, visible miles away, long referred to as the Pasley Bluffs. The Albert Pasley family owned the property for the major part of the first half of

this century. In the same mountain range, about two miles north of Rhea is the Bradley Cave, named after an elderly man who lived in one room of the cave. The opening to the cave is small, necessitating crawling into the first large room, followed by smaller rooms, and a hallway leading to the top.

Lincoln Reservoir, roughly a mile southwest of the Rhea settlement, at the upper end of Pearson Hollow, was completed in December, 1963, under the auspices of the Arkansas Fish and Game Dept. and the Soil and Water Commission. The lake and dam were constructed primarily for flood control throughout Rhea community, with a secondary purpose to furnish water for Lincoln, hence its name. Water for the lake is supplied by Moore's Creek and its tributary, Beaty Branch.

Prior to the construction of Lincoln Reservoir, through organized excavations, Indian artifacts were obtained from shelters in the bluffs along Moore's Creek, an area later inundated by the water.

A major bluff dwellers' shelter was discovered on April 9, 1960, by Joe C. Parks and Charles McNair, both of Prairie Grove. Working in conjunction with Dr. C.R. McGimsey, Director of the University of Arkansas Museum and his staff, they had a year and a half to two years to excavate the Moore's Creek site prior to reservoir flooding. As a result of this work, and other excavations in the immediate area, it was found that the bluff dwellers sporadically occupied the Rhea area from about 2,000 B.C. until A.D. 900, when a more intensive occupation occurred perhaps up to A.D. 1,500.

The eras of Rhea, as specified in the HISTORY OF RHEA COMMUNITY, include the prehistory of the bluff dwellers, early years of white settlers 1827-1855, mansion builders 1855-1862, Civil War happenings 1862-1865, reconstruction era 1866-1874, heyday or period of prosperity 1874-1930, a one-store town 1930-1965, and a rural community 1965 to date.

Here's a summary of major historical events in Rhea community:

1827	First white settlers
1829	First land ownership
1832	First land surveys
1846	First recorded cemetery burial
1850's	Steam mill constructed
1862	Occupied by Union Army one month
1867	Named changed from Valley Steam Mill to Rhea's Mill
1867	Post office established
Late 1800's	Name changed from Rhea's Mill to Rhea
1874	Earliest record of first church members Elizabeth D. Stevens and Rebecca E. Crawford received by certificate in Methodist Church by Rev. Tidings
1876	Earliest record of first church members Joseph and Mary Gregory received in the Methodist Church by vows by Rev. Smith.
1886	School District No. 143 established and three-room school house built

1889	First record of infant baptism in Methodist Church, Maggie D. Lane
1912-1913	First frame Methodist Church constructed
1936	Native stone two-room school house constructed.
1946	Rhea School District No. 143 consolidated with Prairie Grove School District No. 23.
1957	Mill chimney donated to Prairie Grove Battlefield Park by owners Mr. and Mrs. George Mennecke, Sr.
1963	Post office closed.
Circa 1965	Last store closed.
1970	Frame Methodist Church destroyed by tornado and brick church constructed.
1979	Last business (Dyer Blacksmith Shop) closed.

The major portion of the HISTORY OF RHEA COMMUNITY consists of historical information concerning the bluff dwellers; early settlers; the mill; mansion builders; Civil War happenings; the Rhea mercantile store journals; the Methodist Church; the Sunday School; the school; businesses; the club; cemetery; marriages; the story of the Rhea farm; Rhea murders; a Rhea notable; later residents; biographies of professional residents, poets and song writers; World War honor roll and potpourri. The book concludes with an extensive index, showing 584 surnames and 1720 first names.

The HISTORY OF RHEA COMMUNITY is scheduled for publication in the fall 1987 and is available from the Johnston Publishing Company, Rt. 2, Box 79A, Lincoln, Arkansas 72744. Pre-publication sale price of the book is $19.50 plus tax. After September 1, 1987 the book will be $23.50 plus tax.

Enjoy the Little Things
For One Day You May Look Back and
Realize They Were the Big Things. Robert Brault

TRUE STORY

OF A LITTLE ORPHAN BOY

Collected by Lois Conduff

Your editor is indebted to Ann Rolloff for her assistance in "translating" Ole Hansen's Danish-tinged English and to Lois Conduff whose explanatory notes follow. We reproduce a page of the original manuscript so that our readers may see Mr. Hansen's unusual spelling.

FOREWORD

Ole Hansen was my stepgrandfather, and the only grandfather I remember on my mother's family, as her father died two years before I was born. Grandpa Ole was born in Roskilde, Denmark, April 16, 1869. I do not know his mother's name or when she was born, but Ole's father was Hans Christian Olsen, born 1816 in Denmark, and died there in 1889 at 73 years of age.

Ole had a sister named Else Marie Nielsen, born in 1856 in Denmark. I think I was named after her, almost, except I got "Margaret", an American version of "Marie". I remember that until Grandpa died Else Marie sent a rich, lovely fruitcake each Christmas.

Ole arrived in the United States in 1907 with his wife and three children, going to his brother in Texas. Very soon his wife left him. His own story tells it all.

I remember lots of things about Grandpa Ole, but one I will always think of was what he would do when angry. He would turn red, stand straight, and say very loudly, "SIG, no talk!" I do hope it was a nice word; I am not sure as he tried in vain to teach me his mother tongue.

Editor's Note: Ann Rolloff thinks the word was "Sikke" an expression used to mean "What a fool!" or "How dumb!"

I do not know if Ole's first family is still alive. I am sure some of them are, so for them and for his second family of which I am a part, and in memory of one who came so far, this is done.

Ole was buried at the Baptist Ford Cemetery, south of Greenland, in Washington County, AR. His grave is in the south corner, near the second gate from the bridge, marked by a field stone with a chip off one corner. He died at the old City Hospital on School St. in Fayetteville, AR.

Lois Conduff

I was born in a foreign country the year 1869. My parents lived in poverty in a two-room house. My father was in the war for three years and came home without any health. We were three children, two boys, one girl, and when I was two years old my mother died. It was very hard for Father; not much work and no health. He decided after one year after Mother died, it was better for us children to come out in the world to some other people. He was not able to raise us and gave us up to foster care. We came to three different families — my brother, ten years old, came to a farmer (Peter Davidsen) and he stayed there until he was 14 years old, when he decided to go to America. My sister came to another farmer, Peter Jakobsen. They were good people but she worked very hard both on the farm and in the house. She did not have much school and did not get very much education. I was at that time three years old and I came to a family named Lars Peterson. He worked for the county (on public works) and he was paid a few dollars a year to raise me. I stayed there for three years when I came to another family named Jens Christensen. They took me for a little less money. I now started to go to school from eight o'clock in the morning 'til four o'clock in the afternoon. Two miles to walk and I went many a day to school with two pieces of bread and nothing else. I stayed with them for two years, when the town authorities decided that they starved me too much and they took me to a blacksmith. Here I stayed for three years. I was sent to school and when I was home I had to work in the blacksmith shop and I had to sleep in one corner of the shop. I was now 11 years old and I came to a farmer (Lars Rasmussen).

They were very good people. I had plenty to eat and plenty clothes to wear. In the summer time we got up at four o'clock in the morning and worked until nine or ten o'clock in the evening, and that made a strong and healthy boy out of me. I stayed there until I was 14 years old, and with them until the town authorities told me that could not pay any more for my foster care and I now had to take care of myself. Well, I had not any parents now; my papa was dead and I had nobody to turn to for a little help. So I hired myself out to another farmer (Jacob Christensen) for a sum of $35.00 a year, besides my board and room. It was not much, for I had to pay $16.00 a year for wearing of my clothes and the rest went for pay on my clothes and shoes, for it was not leather shoes but wooden shoes, and everything went O.K.

I had several different jobs until I was 19 years of age when I went into the Army and I was a soldier for one year, then I got my honorable discharge. I stayed in the capital city (Copenhagen) and I got a job as a stone mason helper and was now making real good money, but it went fast for I lived in sin, went to dances and pool rooms and gambling and drinking. Well, the time went by and I lived that way until I was 24 years old. I was at that time fortunate to get ahold of a steady job. It was in a hospital. I got on as a gardener's helper and after a very short time I was promoted to foreman. I worked there for eight years and my pay was $23.00 a week. We were 12 men working. There were 13 acres of land belonging to the hospital. We raised truck vegetables and flowers. We had several big greenhouses and

raised flowers the whole year 'round, and at that time I decided to get myself a wife, and a house of my own. So when I met Papsy (?) we talked these things over and we fell in love with each other and got married. We rented a little house, paid $19 a month in rent and we bought new furniture and we had a good little home and when we had been married one year, we got a little baby boy. We were very proud of him, for now we had more to live for, and I quit drinking and gambling and we lived well together and after five years for luck, we got a baby girl, and now my wife and I sure were proud. We had both a boy and a girl and I had a steady job. Well, everything went by O.K. until we got a letter from USA — it was in the summer of 1905.

The letter was from my brother Christian and I sure was glad to hear from him. I had not heard or seen him since I was three years old. We exchanged many letters for a couple of years and my brother told me in all of his letters that we should come over here to the good USA. My brother was a widower and had four children, three boys, one girl; the girl the baby of nine years of age and the oldest boy was 20 years old.

My brother insisted that we should sell everything we had and then come over here. He wrote to me he had a big farm, four horses and several cows, hogs and chickens and all that belongs on a big farm. We could live together on the farm and my wife could cook and keep house for us. Well, my wife and I, both of us young, talked things over. We would like to see a new world, so we decided that we would sell everything that we had (owned) and then go over there. That was in the summer of 1907. But at that time we got another little baby girl, but that did not scare us, and when the baby was three months old, we were ready to leave and we left on the eighth day of June and came here the first day of July. Well, we had a good trip. The weather was nice and we came by train through London and came to Southhampton, England then by steam boat to New York and another steamboat to Galveston. We arrived in Galveston at five o'clock in the morning and had to stay there until seven o'clock in the afternoon and then by train up to a little town between Houston and Fort Worth.

Well, my brother was there to welcome us. We arrived at two o'clock in the morning. We were all very tired from the trip. After a little refreshing we got on a farm wagon and rode 14 miles to my brother's place. The whole trip lasted us 22 days. We arrived on the farm at twelve o'clock noon and we sure needed sleep and rest. Well, it took us two days and nights before we felt a little better and then we sure were busy with locating ourselves in the new home.

Well, after a few days' rest I went to work on the farm with the boys, but my brother stayed at home with my wife. Well, everything went along O.K. for a little while. I went to work and my brother still stayed at home and I became a little uneasy about it all. I learned soon that the farm and horses and cows and all did not belong to my brother. He rented the farm and all the livestock was collateral for the rent fee owed to the landlord. He was just as poor as I was, but the worst of all was that he took my wife from me. They were always together and they would not have anything to do with me.

When we had stayed there for six months I told my wife to give up my

(true Story of en Little Orphan Boy)

vare vel understeen the Englis Dialegt
and en the millem farm I hawde gwet
my Weif a Dewerse and Schee Marred my
Brother on a vary spart farm derefter
and I left Dem for gadt efter wall I left
texas and com ta Arkansas wer I woorked wed
flere Diferens Fak and wen I war 48 Year
Old I gat Marred agen I Marred a Girl
24 Year of Age and wee hawde 5 Tgildren
togetther 3 Girls an twa Boys wee lewed
togetther 10 Year wen my Weif gat sig ak

A page from Mr. Hansen's original writing.

wen Ichee dead on the Hospitall my Baby
was. caun 1 Year Old and I treyed vare
hart to. Kek my tyildren togetther I hande
flere deperens Giirls and Wammen til
at halde Haus and reyse my tyildren imen
et seems nat was a vary gad plan and
efter 1 Yar der efter I Barrie agen I
maried da a Widoner Wammen sons nar
vary gad to my tyildren and Ichu es a
varry gad Weif to my nel have caun tree
of the tyildren the two ere dead and
nan nel lever togetther med vorres—
Baby Boy the twa of the tyildren

brother or we would leave the farm, but my wife told me flatly that she loved my brother and I could not live that kind of life any longer, so I told my wife I would leave and she said it would be all right and she wanted a divorce from me. Well, a few days thereafter I told my wife I would take the boy and she should take care of the two girls. It suited her, and I left, together with the boy who, at that time, was eight years old. We came to a small town where there was a livery stable and I inquired about a job.

To my great luck, there was a man who could understand a little Danish and he was a great help to me. He asked the boss and I got a job and got a home for myself and my boy. The boy started school and he learned the English language very soon and helped me to a large degree. Well, I was kept on at the stable for eight months, when I got hold of a dairy job, where I worked for three years. At that time I could very well understand the English language and in the meantime I had given my wife a divorce and she married my brother a very short time thereafter and I left town for good.

After a while I left Texas and came to Arkansas where I worked with several different jobs and when I was 48 years old I got married again. I married a girl 24 years of age and we had five children together, three girls and two boys. We lived together ten years when my wife got sick of pneumonia and she was sick only 24 hours when she died in the hospital.

My baby was only one year old and I tried very hard to keep my children together. I had several different girls and women as housekeepers and to take care of my children, but it was not a very good plan and after one year I married again. I married then a widow woman who was very good to my children and she is a very good wife to me. We have only three of the children, the two are dead and now we live together with our baby boy and two of the children.

We got our own little home now and live very, very well together and it is now the best time of all my life. I am now nearly 72 years old and my wife is 52 years and the baby is 15 years.

Well, there I will leave the story of a little orphan boy and do not hope that all orphan boys shall cross (encounter) so many difficulties as I encountered in my life.

Ole Hansen

NOTES

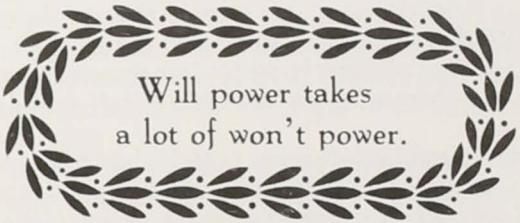
Naturalizations were conducted in Fayetteville, Arkansas until 10 May 1933 when an order signed by Circuit Court Judge J.S. Combs changed the jurisdiction of naturalization proceedings from Washington County to Fort Smith, AR.

Two books have been "found" in among the old books in the cell block of the Old Washington County Jail (the former quarters of the Washington County Historical Society). They contain 100 Declarations of Intention. These books have been returned to the County Clerk's office, Washington County Courthouse, and are in the care of that office at the present time. From Book No. 1, 1907-1921, we take the following:

No. 44 Name: Ole Hansen
Age: 45 Birth date: 16 Apr 1869
Place of birth: Roskilde, Denmark
Occupation: Farmer
Wife's name:
Last foreign residence: Copenhagen, Denmark
Emigrated from: Copenhagen, Denmark
Vessel: Tytanick White Star Line
Port of Arrival: New York
Date of Arrival: 1 July 1907
Date of Declaration of Intention: 24 Aug 1914 and 5 Aug 1922
Residence: Fayetteville, Arkansas

Notes from a Gideon Bible:
Rose Stella Hansen, born June 11, 1891 (?)
Married Feb. 11 1930 to Ole Hansen born Apr 16, 1869
Social Security Number 432-05-0271; WPA 3419-4
Otto C. Hansen, my son, born Apr. 7, 1899, Denmark
Mary Christine Hansen, daughter, born Aug. 12, 1904, Denmark
Karen Magrete Hansen, daughter, born March 10, 1907, Denmark
My father Hans Christian Olsen, born 1816 Denmark, died 1889 at 73 years
My sister Else Marie Nielsen born 1856, Denmark
Mary Ester Hansen, born March 2, 1918, Fayetteville
Bessie Oline Hansen, born Oct. 13, 1919, Fayetteville
Carl Rudolf Hansen, born Nov. 17, 1921
Rose Emma Hansen, born Aug. 16, 1923
Ray Richard Hansen, born Oct. 17, 1925 (correction: 1927-LC)

Ole had a stepdaughter, Eunice, daughter of Alice Ridley (his second wife, and mother of the last five children listed above). He also had a stepdaughter, Alta Niccum, the daughter of his third wife. Shortly after Rose and Ole were married, his daughter Rose Emma died, the only one who died as a child. She is buried in Evergreen Cemetery by the side of her mother.



THE SAGA OF THE SON FAMILY

by B. O. Roop

Michael SON was born in Virginia in 1776 and is listed as 73 years of age in the U.S. Census of 1850 living in Washington County, Arkansas. His wife was Nancy A. Kennedy, daughter of George Kennedy, born in South Carolina in 1790. Nancy Kennedy and Michael SON married September 5, 1812. (The stone that marks her grave in the Son's Chapel Cemetery shows date of birth as August 4, 1801; however, she stated that she was 60 years of age in the Census of 1850).

Copies of letters between direct descendants of SON families indicate that Michael SON descended from Michael SON, Sr.; although records in Washington County do not show any entries as Michael SON, Jr., it does seem likely that Michael SON of Washington County, Arkansas descended from Michael SON, Sr., of Augusta County, Virginia.

(Michael SON, Sr., Revolutionary War Soldier, Continental Army 1775-83. Augusta County, Virginia and his wife's name was Elizabeth_____.)

"At at Court held for Augusta County, May 15, 1781, present: Alexander McClenachan, William McPheeters, James Troller, Jr., Joseph Bill and Alexander Robertson," ordered: That Elizabeth SON, wife of Michael SON a Soldier of the Continental Army, be allowed the sum of Six Hundred Pounds for her and her childrens' subsistence for the ensuing year." Recorded in the Augusta County Clerk's Office, Staunton, Virginia in Order Book 17, Page 329.

Children of Michael SON, Sr., and Elizabeth (_____) SON are believed to be:

Michael SON, Jr.	Born in Virginia 1776
Abraham	Born in Virginia 1777
Thomas Franklin	Born in Virginia ??

Michael SON, Jr. was married before his marriage to Nancy Kennedy September 5, 1812. His children are:

John F. SON	Born in Virginia September 10,	1797
James	Born in Kentucky	1801
Abraham F.	Born in Kentucky March 8,	1809
Lucinda	Born in Missouri January 17,	1827

John F. SON settled near Barnett, Morgan County, MO. He was a Baptist minister, organized and built his first church that was known as Hopewell Memorial Church, where he served his entire life and is buried in the Hopewell Cemetery.

James, Abraham and Lucinda moved with Michael SON into the Northwest Arkansas area which at that time was the "Territory of Arkansas."

The original plat books and abstract of the plat records of Washington Coun-

ty, Arkansas show Michael SON with 40 acres in Section 10, Township 16 N., Range 31 W. and dated September 11, 1834. James SON (thought to be his son) was living nearby in Section 11, Township 16 N., Range 31 W., with 80 acres also dated September 11, 1834.

Abraham F. SON was listed in the Tax Records of Carroll County, Arkansas in 1834, 1835, 1836, 1837, 1838 and 1840 and is thought to be a son of Michael SON and he is listed owning land in both Carroll County as well in Section 11, Township 16 N., R 31 W. in Washington County in 1841. He apparently moved on into Washington County in the late 1840's and was taxed along with Michael and James SON after 1851.

Michael SON had one daughter, Lucinda, still living at home in the 1850 Census. She was 22 years of age and was born in Missouri in 1828.

The 1850 Census shows James SON as being 49 years of age and born in Kentucky. His wife, Marget, age 37, was born in Missouri. They had 7 children living in the household, all shown as being born in Arkansas. Michael, the oldest son was 19 years of age; so this could mean that the SON families were in Arkansas in 1831.

Their route of migration appears to have been from Augusta County, Virginia into Caldwell County, Kentucky and on into Missouri and into this area of Northwest Arkansas. One of the early land records shows that the land transaction was in the Territory of Arkansas.

The Arkansas Tax List of Washington County for 1836 shows:

SON, James 160 Acres 2 Horses 4 Cattle Poll Tax 25¢ Total Tax $2.60
SON, Michael 3 Horses 1 Cattle Poll Tax 25¢ Total Tax $1.16¼

The location of the 40 acres listed for Michael SON in Section 10 in 1834, is some 4 miles west of the present day University of Fayetteville. He sold some of his 40 acres in 1840 and described the part he sold as that "along the creek and next to the Methodist Camp Grounds." James SON owned 205 acres, one mile east of him in Section 11. Abraham F. SON bought two 40 acre tracts of land also in Section 11 in 1841.

Records show that Choctaw Certificate No.315B for 160 acres of the Indian Lands in Arkansas, were in the original tract issued to Ah-to-Chubbee, under Treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek August 23, 1842, by the Secretary of War by Act of Congress. An adjoining tract of land to the east shows deed issued to Ah-to-Lubbee and Ela-ok-Chubbee noted as "Choctaw man and wife." Relationship is not known but likely from the same clan. Upon his death, this land was deposited in the General Land Office at Fayetteville.

A patent for 40 acres of this tract in Section 33, Township 17 N., Range 29 W., was issued to Michael SON and his wife Nancy in 1848 and stated that they had "settled on the land in 1847." This 40 acre tract is some 5 miles northeast of Fayetteville on Highway 45, and is identified as SON's Chapel Community and some 8 or 9 miles east of the tract of land Michael SON settled on in 1834.

Michael SON is listed on the Production of Agriculture Census, in Prairie Township of Washington County, Arkanas during the year ending June 1, 1850, and enumerated the 10 day of December 1850 shown owning 30 acres of improved and 10 acres unimproved land, value shown as $316. Value of

farming implements $15, 1 horse, 2 milch cows, 1 other cattle, 20 swine, value of livestock $56; 60 bushels of wheat, 300 bushels of Indian corn, 200 bushels of oats, 30 pounds of wool, 10 bushels of Irish potatoes, 30 bushels of sweet potatoes, value of orchard products $15, 50 pounds butter, value of home made manufactures $40 and value of animals slaughtered $40.

James SON, who is thought to be a son is enumerated on the same page of the Census with assets more than double shown for Michael and is also shown having 12 working oxen, 25 sheep, 45 pounds of cheese, 2 tons of hay, 2 bushels of other grass seeds and 80 pounds of beeswax and honey. Livestock was at the time of the Census and the produce was for the year ending June 1, 1850.

On the 9th day of March of 1852, Michael SON and his wife Nancy Son, for the sum of $2.00 conveyed 2 acres and 117 poles, to the "Trustees," for a Methodist Protestant Church. The property to be used by the Trustees and their successors for the "Benefit of said church forever." This deed was filed on the 25th day of June 1852 "Reserving this for school, church and sundry purposes, for the benefit of the said church forever."

The original log church building was located on land on the east side of SON's Chapel Cemetery which is among the oldest cemeteries in the County.

Lucinda SON married Pleasant Vernon May 2, 1852. Michael SON deeded 40 acres to Pleasant Vernon and Lucinda (SON) Vernon December 28, 1853. Recorded in Deed Book I, Page 93.

Abraham SON bought property, one mile west, from David Walker, October 18, 1855 as shown in the Land Records Book J, Page 170. The following year he bought land adjacent to that, from Thomas A. Henson, November 22, 1856, Book K, Page 98.

James SON continued to live on his original property, in Section 11, Twp. 16 N., Range 31 W and in his Will bequeathed all his real property to his heirs, except for one half acre, which he gave to the neighborhood for a "Burying Ground," and stated "that it was where my son and daughter are buried." This Will is dated October 22, 1879, Will book "A-B," Page 156 - 1882.

H. H. Alexander bought three tracts of land, including the former SON acreage, on August 2, 1867. In 1885 he deeded the parcel north adjoining the SON's Chapel Cemetery for another building for church and school. H. H. Alexander and his wife Martha Jane Alexander for the sum of one dollar deeded to the Directors of School District No. 4; a parcel of land for their use in building a school house and stipulated that it be expressly understood that the Methodist Church South have use of the house to be built on the above described land for church service on the first Saturday and Sunday of each month, the Primitive Baptist Church shall occupy the house on the second Saturday and Sunday of each month. That the Protestant Methodist Church shall have the privilege of using the building for church services on the 4th Saturday and Sunday and if the house is not at any time occupied by any of the denominations mentioned it shall be opened and free to any other church denomination or religious society. That when any of the above provisions or stipulations are not carried out or in any manner violated, the above described premises are to revert back to the grantors, their heirs, ex-

ecutors, administrators or assigns. This Deed is recorded in Book O-2, Page 545, and dated 5 October 1885.

Another Deed appears in Deed Book T-2, Page 199 To The Directors of School District No. 4 and stipulated that it was being made in part to correct their Deed of 5 October 1885 and stipulated that the "Christian Church shall occupy said house on the 3rd Sunday and Saturday preceeding of each month." This Deed is dated 28 July 1887.

A tract of the original Michael SON land was owned by Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Porter who purchased it in 1932. Mr. and Mrs. Porter gave to the SON's Chapel Community land adjoining to the North on which to build a new church and community house, and which is now known as the SON's Chapel Memorial Church. This church building and the cemetery being separated by Hiway 45, running east and west from Hindsville to Fayetteville.

As requested by Michael and Nancy SON, in their Deed dated 9th March 1852; and Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Alexander in their Deed's of 1885 and 1887, the "Trustee's" of the church today still assume the burden of responsibility as stipulated, in the donation of their property some 135 years ago; and Inter-Denominational services are held each Sunday.

Michael SON appeared repeatedly among the records of Washington County since the original record in 1834. He appears on the 1855 Tax List of 1854 paying $.18¾ State Tax $.18¾ County Tax. He last appears on the 1855 Tax List, at the age of 79 years, paying $.21¼ State Tax and $.21¼ County Tax. The date of death of Nancy A. SON appears on her grave marker in the SON's Chapel Cemetery as 8-7-1872, having lived to the age of 84 years.

The grave marker of the grave of Michael SON is in the Hopewell Cemetery, east of Versailles, Morgan County, Missouri. It is standing next to the grave of John F. SON. Having lived one month longer than his wife Nancy. This grave marker reads: "Micheal SON, Born 1776, Died September 1872, Aged 96 years."

These were hardy pioneers whose hopes and aspirations had been so vital in the early migration and development of our Country, our State and in their case, the SON's Chapel Community, 5 miles northeast of Fayetteville, in Washington County, Arkansas.

Darlene Price, 665 Brandenburgh Way, Roswell GA 30075: Seeking any descendants of the following: Coleman COX, who had three wives, Martha BUCHANAN (some say it was Margaret Buchanan, but I have the marriage record of Coleman and Martha), Mary Ellen BIRD (or YOUNGBIRD or YOUNGBLOOD), and a Miss COULTER. His children were Edmiston, Lavinia (md. Peter Paulus Pyeatt), Samuel (a Reverend), Mariah, Burwell,

Anderson and John. These children he had with his first wife. With his second wife he had Andrew Young Cox and Sarah Nunnelly Cox.

Burwell Cox (brother to the above Coleman). Burwell married Rebecca MOBLEY (also found in records as Moberly). Their children were Jane, Frances, Sarah N., Elvira, Robert Lafayette, Hester Ann, Elizabeth, Alvira Nancy, Phillip, Lenora, and Louise Mariah Cox.

If you think you have any info on any of the above, I would love to correspond with you, and share information. Also seeking old photos of any of the above or their families.

Also, I have a photo of Burwell Cox and wife, Cora, but to date cannot place this man. It is assumed he is related to either Coleman or Burwell Cox listed above. The name Burwell is an old family name, as I have the source of where it came from originally. Hope to share info with you.

Ann Shumate, 2208 Shumate Lane, Springdale, AR 72764 would appreciate information concerning the Indian heritage of William Franklin SHUMATE (b. 1-16-1858) through his mother, Nancy HOLMESLEY (b. 1834, D. 1858 or 59). Nancy was the first wife of Bayless Shumate (b. 1-17-1834, d. 12-17-1927) who is buried in Shumate Cemetery, Durham, AR. Nancy is supposedly buried in Wesley cemetery, although we cannot find her marker. I need facts to confirm a grandson's claim that James Holmesley, her father, was an Indian chief of some sort and married a girl (Nancy's mother) whose parents came from Holland. Any information to clarify this would be welcome.

Iris Rivers, 1336 Chimney Hills Road, Yukon, OK 73099: "Henry BUCKNER and Parthena BLACK had son, Posey Ferdinand Buckner, B. 8 Sep. 1854 who married Mary Catherine PRICE, b. 2 Nov. 1857. Was Posey their only child? If not, who are the others? Also need more information about Henry and Parthena, such as birth dates, death dates and marriage data."

Bernice E. McKinnon, 904 King Street, Grand Coulee, WA 99133 is seeking information on Tilman D. WISENOR, b. 1813 TN, lived Washington County, AR, married Sarah ?, children William, Lydia Ann, Mary P. and Tilman F. What was Sarah's maiden name? Second wife was Mary Ann ENYART, b. 2-16-26 AL, married 9-17-51, children Martha, Nancy and Lafayette. Who were Mary Ann's parents? Who were Tilman D.'s parents?

William B. Putman, Jr., 18 Minuteman Road, Hingham, MA 02043 is trying to track the ancestors and descendants of Robert REED and Elizabeth FAGALA Reed. They were married in Sevier County, TN on August 19, 1824 and came to Washington County in 1852. Their daughter Elizabeth Reed married Reding PUTMAN on May 10, 1855 in Prairie Grove and they then lived in Fayetteville the rest of their lives. I have quite a lot of info on the various (three separate) branches of the Putman family in northwestern Arkansas, but am always looking for more. Interested in finding out anything I can on the various STELLE families descended from Alexander and Phoebe MARSH Stelle. Let's share what we can.

A new newsletter, published quarterly "GLENN GLEANINGS" by Betty Pringle Poole, 2203 Aquilas Delight, Fallston, MD 21047 can be purchased for $15.00 yearly.

Mrs. Edward E. Griffith, 1329 Edney Street, Fort Worth, TX 76115 phone 1-817-923-8637 wishes to contact descendants of: Hezekiah APPLEBY, b. June 22, 1798, GA, married December 2, 1819 in TN Margaret (HERRON) Appleby, b. December 8, 1793, KY. They came to Washington County, AR 1830. Lived at Prairie Township or around Mt. Comfort area. Their children wre: (1) [Unproved] Joseph, b. ca 1825 TN, married Martha KIFER: (2) John Tate, b. August 17, 1826 TN, married January 18, 1855 Almira STANFIELD, b. April 23, 1836 and had children Annice, Charles, Ida, George and Bertha; (3) Andrew Thomas, b. July 16, 1829 TN, died February 15, 1875, married September 6, 1854 Susan Jane Kifer, b. December 8, 1837 TN, died July 22, 1911 Bosque County, TX and had children David Hezekiah, Adison Martin, Margaret, Mary, Ella, Minnie Ruth, James Thomas, Henry M. and Andrew Albert; (4) Mary Ann Manervy, b. October 24, 1831, married George FEATHERSTON (?); (5) James Barnett (Barney), b. March 2, 1834 AR, married September 28, 1854 Eliza Jane CRAWFORD and had children James, Walter, William, W.H., J.D. Joseph, Philix and M.E.; (6) Margaret Elizabeth, b. July 29, 1836, died August 22, 1839. John Tate, Andrew Thomas and Margaret Elizabeth are buried in the Mt. Comfort Cemetery.

Jennie Ragsdale, 9240 East LaRosa Drive, Temple City, CA 91780 would like information on Judge Lewis (Louis) TULLY, B. Tully (L.B. Tully), b. West Virginia around 1800, married Sarah Chaffin in 1823, Alabama 1830, resided in Washington County, AR 1837, succeeded Judge Archibald Yell on the grand jury of Jackson County and Randolph County in Pocahontas. 1836-38 representative Carroll County; 1839-40 circuit court judge Benton County; 1846-48 Monroe County representative in legislature. Would like a date of death or burial and place.

Glen Diment, 12249 Rockcrest Road, Lakeside, CA 92040 is interested in information on DIMENT, GAUTNEY, and NIX.

THERE AND BACK AGAIN

by David M. Greer

THE ARDMORE SCAM

One winter afternoon two strangers arrived in a Hupmobile automobile, and stopped to talk to Dad. They found him in his office — a little building he had put up by the side of the road leading down to the springhouse and the mailbox. There he read Progressive Farmer, Country Gentleman, National Geographic, and the Department of Agriculture bulletins he was always sending for. I really think he build the office to get away from two small boys, their baby sister, his mother, his wife, a dog, three cats, and

"Dane, I hate to bother you, but this fire just won't draw. Could you do something about it?" Anyway, the strangers stopped to talk. I had to stop practicing on the Oliver typewriter to give up my chair, there being only three in the office.

They stayed all afternoon, were invited to supper, and after supper Dad, Mother, and the strangers talked until nine o'clock. I left my bedroom door open a crack to listen. It seemed that they were on their way to Ardmore, Oklahoma, about 200 miles southwest of us as the crow flies; perhaps 300 miles by road. They had, they claimed, raised the money to build a tire factory at Ardmore. They were from Akron, Ohio, the tire manufacturing center of the country. They were tire men, had worked for one of the big tire companies for years, then decided to go in with some wealthy easterners to start a new company. They had searched the country for the best place, and had found it in Ardmore. They were now on their way back to Ardmore, having wound up their affairs, and placed orders for tire-making machinery in Akron. They would be in production in about a year. It sounded good to me, more to the point, it sounded good to Mother and Dad. I'm sure it would have sounded good to just about anybody.

The strangers were quick to explain that they weren't selling stock in it — the Ardmore-Akron Company — because it had all been subscribed by the eastern investors, except for their own shares, which weren't for sale — which, just think, were going to make them both rich! There might be another stock issue later, when the inevitable rush of business made expansion necessary, but for now, the project was fully funded. And the new issue, when it came, would be **so** easy to sell. There was a clause in the Ardmore-Akron Company's articles of incorporation that guaranteed every stockholder, no matter how small his holding, a 25% discount from list price on any tires bought from **his** company. Why, the state of Oklahoma was going to be filled with farmers driving on Ardmore-Akron tires, owning only one or two shares of stock, thus getting their tires cheaper than anyone else in the country!

To see the appeal of that promise, you have to know what tires — and roads — were like in these parts in 1918. There wasn't a mile of paved highway outside of a few towns in Washington or any nearby county, or on the long road our visitors were taking to Ardmore, for that matter. In much of our part of the world, the roads were more rocks than dirt, and lots of the rocks were sharp. Rubber wasn't very tough then. Tires were all high-press, 60 or 70 pounds, as I remember and flint rocks were hell on tires. A trip to Fayetteville in our Metz was rarely completed without one or two punctures. Dad used to guess that he got about 1000 miles service from a tire. So the idea of a 25% discount on tires was something to think about.

When they were getting ready to leave, Mr. Ames, the quiet one, said to Dad, in an embarrassed way, "Mr. Greer, I'm going to run plumb out of money before we get to the bank in Ardmore. You seem so interested in getting that discount, I wondered if you would like to buy just one share of my Ardmore-Akron stock? I've got a certificate made out for one share with me. I was going to take it to my niece down in Dallas, but I need money right

now. You sure need that discount more than she does."

Dad asked "How much is it?" and Ames replied, "It's twenty-five dollars. That's par value — see, printed right here on the certificate — and that's what those easterners put up for each and every share. Bill and me, we didn't have to pay for ours — except for a year's hard work in setting the whole thing up. But it's worth it, and I wouldn't sell it to you at any price, except I want to eat tomorrow and the day after."

Dad looked at Mother and she gave him the nod. He said "Well, Mr. Ames, I'll take a chance on that one share. And believe me, I'll make use of that discount." Dad left the room for a few minutes and came back with five fives. They left right after that.

The next day at breakfast Mother said "Dane, I've been wondering." "So have I," he said, "I wonder if they stayed the night in Cincinnatti."

He called Mr. Dodson at the general store in Cincinnatti. "Did those two men from Akron stop over with you last night?"

Mr. Dodson said, "Well, they slept at the Greens' house, and then stopped here for cheese and crackers for breakfast."

"Did they tell you about the Ardmore-Akron Company?"

"Yep, they did."

"And the 25% discount?"

There was a silence, then Mr. Dodson said "Yep. And did Ames tell you he was about to run out of money?"

"Yep." Dad said, "Was he taking a certificate for one share to his niece in Dallas?"

"Nope. It was two shares, to his nephew in Sherman."

This ended the discussion on the party line. Dad wrote to the Ardmore Chamber of Commerce, or somebody down there. They had never heard of the Ardmore-Akron Company. Neither had anybody else, so far as Dad and Mr. Dodson were able to determine.

Mother said "How could we be so foolish?"

Dad said, "Well, a smallpox vaccination is painful; but you will never get smallpox after it." And he never bought another share of stock until Ford Motors went public, about forty years later.

If the twenty-five dollars seems a trifling sum now, consider that it was about what we got for twenty-five bushels of fancy Jonathan apples, each wrapped in tissue paper, and packed in layers in wooden apple boxes.

HONEY BUSINESS

Young people nowadays look surprised or doubtful when I said that we used to do much of our travel in a covered wagon. But we did. It wasn't a Conestoga wagon, or a Prairie Schooner, of course. It was just an ordinary farm wagon that had wagon hoops, normally stored in the barn. When it rained or looked as if it were going to, we put up the hoops and cover before we went to town. To this day — 66 years later — I still think of a tarpaulin as a wagon sheet.

Fayetteville, the county seat, was 20 miles away. It was an all-day journey — and another day to come back, if your business in town took any time. The road ran easy, through Wedington Gap in the hills, across the Illinois

River and various creeks, finally to the City — a town, then, of maybe 5000 people.

In several places the road ran through private property. I suppose it was on a public right-of-way, but there was a gate — usually one post and three strands of barbed wire, the post held up by wire loops top-and-bottom. Creek and river crossings were fords, where the horses stopped to drink, where we could sit in the wagon and observe the fish, the crawdads, and the gravel bottom through the clear water. When we got to town, if we were to stay the night, the first thing to do was to find a livery stable to care for the horses. There was a hotel, the Washington, where we could get a room for the night, sometimes, we slept in the wagon.

The next morning, the business of the day was started as soon as the stores opened up: feed store for salt blocks, grocery for sugar, salt, baking powder, soda, oranges, and a few cans of sardines at 5 cents a can, hardware for nails, oil, axle grease, tools, screen, and the like. Next to the County Agent in the Courthouse for consultation about crops and livestock. Finally to the nursery for young apple or peach trees for the orchard. Flour and cornmeal for cooking, chops, shorts, and bran for the livestock we got closer to home, at Rhea's Mill where we took our corn and wheat to be ground. At last, home again, loaded with supplies for a month or more.

Once when I was ten, Dad said mysteriously, "David, let's take a trip today." We set out early for Fayetteville. Before we got there, we turned off to Prairie Grove. When we got there, we found wagons and buggies collected around a big farm house with maybe twenty or thirty men in the yard. I soon found out what the gathering was about. A man was going to give a demonstration of beekeeping. His name was J.V. Ormond. He had a hive of bees, and a hive tool. He supplied comb honey supers, bigger supers for brood, or for honey to be extracted, a capping knife for preparing the filled frames for extraction, and he had sheets of beeswax called "foundation." These were embossed with the hexagonal pattern of a honeycomb to be installed in the empty frames of the supers. This allowed the bees to draw out the ridged pattern into full honeycomb without wasting time or honey in making their own wax.

In short, he had everything you would need to become a scientific and efficient beekeeper. In addition he had a book that told it all — everything he told us that day, and then some. It was called "The ABC and XYZ of Beekeeping" by A.I. Root. It and all the things J.V. Ormond demonstrated with could be ordered from A.I. Root Co. of Medina, Ohio — including live bees by the pound (that's a lot of bees) plus a queen bee.

It was fascinating. I was something of a naturalist. I wanted that book. When the demonstration was over, I started to ask Dad to buy it for me, when he asked "Well, what do you think? Would **you** like to have a hive?" I would, and he placed the order. Two hives of bees, three or four supers, smoker, hive tool, sheets of foundation, a separator to keep the queen from getting up in the honey supers, and everything needed including the book.

It was about a month before they came — the book, two hives, and all the supplies ordered. I read the book avidly. Grandmother made me a bee-veil

of mosquito netting and gave me an old straw hat. When we discovered that I couldn't see through the white cloth in the bright sunshine, she dyed it black for me. We set the hives in a fence corner of the orchard, about 300 feet from the house — far enough for Mother to feel safe.

After a few days for the newly liberated bees to settle in and get to work, Dad and I went to the hives. I watched while he puffed in smoke, took the cover off a hive, removed a brood frame and looked for the queen, then closed it all up again. After which he asked, "Think you can do it?"

I wasn't sure, but I answered positively, and went back to the house to read the book again. The apple trees were in bloom, so I decided we should have some apple blossom honey. I put together the little comb honey frames, inserted strips of foundation starter so that the bees would build the honeycomb straight, not crosswise in the little frames, and lugged the assembled super out to beehive corner.

I lit a rag, and put it in the smoker, tied my shirt cuffs and overall legs closed with strip so bees couldn't get in, put on the veil and drew its drawstring tight, put on Mother's cotton work gloves (they were too big, but comforting). There I stood, looked at the hive and wished I were down on the creek. I wished I were in school. I wished bees had no stingers. I wished Mr. Ormond had never come to Arkansas. You have heard the expression "It scared the stuffin' out of him"? That is just how I felt. I went to another fence corner and relieved myself. I came back to beehive corner, puffed up a good smoke supply, took the top off the hive, put on the separator, the comb honey super and closed the whole thing up. No stings — there were a few bees stinging my gloves and my clothes, but none got through to me. I went home a beekeeper.

By summers end, I had been stung so many times (but never severely), that I was partially immune, a sting became little worse than mosquito bite. When we left the farm to move to town three years later, I was rich with ten hives of bees (to be abandoned), and about $50 in the bank — a substantial sum for 1921.

We took one hive to town with us. It was set in the backyard facing the alley. I paid it little attention. City life was a new life, I had other things to think about. About a year later, Mother suggested, "It would be nice to have some honey. Do you suppose you could." SO I did. I got together all my accoutrements, fired up the smoker, and took two or three small frames of comb-honey.

However, they didn't last long. A week later Mother asked, "Was that all the honey? Why didn't you take the whole super?" So I went back to do just that. But I had forgotten part of my lore — that bees who have been robbed are angry, and stay angry for a while. I used the smoker, I moved slowly, I pried up the cover with care. But when the top came off, the bees boiled out. By that time I had given up gloves — too clumsy. All I wore were thin cotton stockings exposed between shoe tops and knees of short pants, never wore overalls in town. Also, my immunity had worn off. Before I knew what was happening, there were at least twenty stings on my hands, wrists, and calves. That hive was shut in a hurry.

I went to bed with a fever and the shakes.

Never have opened up a beehive since. But, I still think of myself as a beekeeper.

THE FUR MERCHANTS

One evening at supper Dad said, "Mitchell Buttry told me where there is a bee tree over in Jap Speers' woods, we're going to cut it tonight." Mother asked, "Won't Jap mind?" Dad said, "He says he's not about to get that close to a mad swarm of bees. We'll give him some of the honey — if we get any".

He asked us "Boys, do you want to go?" We did!

We loaded tools and buckets in the wagon, drove up through the orchard to the county road, Dad and Lewis and I and the hired man, Elmo Christian, with our dog, Blackie, and Elmo's hound following. On east to Jap's woods, and out of the moonlit road into the dark woods. We found the bee tree, lit and set the lanterns, while Dad and Elmo notched the tree with an axe and set to sawing with the big two-man timber saw. Lewis and I built a fire where the smoke would drift across the tree when it fell. When it did fall, we threw on some rags to thicken the smoke. Next Dad and Elmo split the fallen tree with axe and saw, then with knife and gloved hands filled three water buckets with honeycomb. Meanwhile, they brushed off smoked but angry bees, yelped now and again when a stinger got through clothing.

We set out for home along the dusty moonlit road, with the two dogs ranging in the fields alongside. About halfway home, the dogs jumped a skunk in the field. The fight was on, and we stopped to watch. It was soon over. The dogs killed the skunk. But paid a price!

Miserable and half-blinded, they returned to the wagon — to be driven off with shouts and stones. Fifty feet away was too close until we turned off into our orchard, there the wind carried the smell off and away.

The next morning Lewis and I went into conference: Somebody had told us that skunk skins were bringing $1.50 in Siloam Springs. There was a perfectly good skunk skin out in Jap's pasture, as we hoped the dogs had left it intact. A fortune, abandoned! We'd do something about that! It seemed prudent to say nothing more than "We're going out for a while." We left the house with our pocket knives and the two dogs.

The skunk was just where we remembered it. (Not even a buzzard would mess with a dead skunk. Grandmother was to remind us of that later.) We set to work. Our knives were sharp, we knew where to cut as we had seen a few possums skinned. In no time we had a pretty good skunk skin. One thing surprised us. Although the smell was terrible at first, soon it became bearable, in a while not strong at all, and finally, it went away entirely. So did all other smells, but we didn't notice that at the time. We decided the wind had blown the odor all away.

We set out for home by a round about way. We were elated by our prospects. There were plenty of furs in the woods, skunk, possum, and raccoon. We would become trappers. Riches for the taking! We detoured through our own woods, looking for likely places to set the traps that Dad

would buy for us the next time he went to town. If he wouldn't we would build box traps ourselves.

And just as we reached the old apple-drier in our woods, the dogs found another skunk! This one was in a hollow at the base of a big tree. The dogs took turns digging until one of them dragged it out. Again, they killed it. This was a very strange skunk. Although it sprayed the dogs with a yellow spray that made them yelp and take turns running to the creek to submerge their heads and blow bubbles, this skunk's spray had no odor.

Neither did anything else!

News of our approach to home preceded us. Mother stayed in the house and barred the door. Grandmother met us behind the barn, stripped us naked, dunked us in the horse trough, sudsed us down with yellow soap, she put all our clothes in the big black washpot, threw a full bar of yellow soap, filled the pot with water, and built a fire under it.

The next day was Monday. We went to school. They wouldn't let us in. We had a two-day holiday, plus two more baths — this time in the big washpot when our clothes were done.

The best-laid plans of mice and men gang oft agley! We never did find out where Dad buried the skunk skins. He just grinned, "Now wouldn't you like to know?"

BUMPED INTO A POKEBERRY

Poke greens were a part of springtime. Townspeople didn't eat them, as a rule; but the country folk did — as well as other wild greens, too. Why not? They were free, and tasty (when cooked with a chunk of salt pork seasoning). They were nutritious, though that wasn't a major consideration, so far as I knew. I learned to pick wild greens by going with the hired man's kids. We looked in fallow fields, in fence corners where the plow and harrow could not reach, and in one little field that was so rocky it never got plowed or planted. The first wild flowers of spring popped up in the little field. We boys called it "the flower place". Just about every kind of weed grew there except those of the creek bank and the barnyard.

We picked wild greens until mid-summer, when they got too tough. The very best place for them was in fence corners. The split-rail fence along the north side of the orchard had scores of fence corners. The greens that we picked carried the names of garden greens, mostly: "wild lettuce," "wild beets," "wild parsley," etc., based on its resemblance to the domestic vegetable. Maybe they really were the wild progenitors of the garden forms. I do not know. In addition, there were some without a garden parallel — lamb's quarter, for example was a favorite.

But back to the poke greens, some call them "poke salad", but they really must not be eaten as salad. They were the first greens in the spring. We broke off the tender new shoots with their first leaves, Mother boiled them for a few minutes in a big pot of water, then poured off the water (which was said to be poisonous) and cooked them again with some seasoning meat. Delicious!

The poke plants came up mostly around the barnyard. I did not find out

until many years later why nobody planted them in the garden. It was because poke seed would not germinate unless it had passed through a bird; and nobody had figured out how to make the birds plant poke where it was wanted.

Pokeberries are a rich purple, and luscious looking, but we boys knew they were poisonous. Everybody knew that. Be that as it may we found a use for them! The juice was a rich reddish-purple dye. One day it occurred to Lewis and me the color was just right for painting our faces when playing Indian.

Nobody had cautioned us that pokeberry juice just didn't wash off as easily as it went on. When supper time came near, we prudently went to the creek to wash our embellished faces. But, the war-party patterns remained. We tried again with soap, at the horse trough out back of the barn. No improvement. And we were getting hungry.

As dusk approached, we answered Mother's call. I hung back, and let Lewis enter first. I had painted his face, and he mine. I was pretty sure his was the most colorful — maybe the storm would break on him, so I would escape the full brunt of it.

Lewis, at six was (Grandmother liked to say) an angelic looking child. He knew it. He put on his most angelic expression underneath the war paint, and marched in to the lamp-lit supper table. At Mother's gasp, he announced sweetly: "Bumped into a pokeberry!"

This became a family saying, to be offered instead of an excuse whenever one of us blundered into any kind of self-made disaster: "Bumped into a pokeberry!"

It took about three days to get our regular faces back. Grandmother's homemade soap probably helped some.

Experience is a Wonderful Thing
It Enables You to Recognize a Mistake
Every Time You Repeat it.

Photo taken in front of Washington County Bank Circa 1888. L to R Miss May Curry, White Walker, Samuel P. Pittman, Nathan Combs, B.R. Davidson, and Theo F. Jones.

THE OLD KNAPSACK

by Samuel Pinckney Pittman

Edited by Kim A. Scott, Johnson, AR., May 31, 1987

Samuel Pittman was in a terrible hurry. The 57-year-old Fayetteville banker had just finished scribbling a story about his Civil War experiences when a messenger from Prairie Grove attorney James P. Neal called on him. Neal, who was planning next week's thirty-first anniversary observance of the Prairie Grove battle, had requested a friend to drop off a copy of the event's anticipated schedule at Pittman's office. After asking Neal's messenger to wait a few moments, Samuel turned to the back page of his manuscript and quickly wrote the following note:

> *Fayetteville, Nov. 30, '93*
> *Dear Col,*
> *I approve your programme. I would suggest that you notify each one who will be there that they are expected to furnish some incident of the battle or war, either written or oral. I had just finished writing "The Old Knapsack" when the driver came in. If you think it worthy we will read that too. I have not read or corrected it, but if you think it suitable, send it back and I will. At what time*

do you want us to come? How would it do to drive down in the morning, have dinner about 3 p.m., and stay until bed time? Unless we take the night in, the time is too short, but you decide this. Let me hear from you.

Truly, SPP

It is not known if Samuel Pittman ever got the opportunity to read his story to his comrades, or even if James Neal's planned get-together at Prairie Grove in 1893 ever took place.[1] What is certain is that Pittman did not get the chance to clean up the essay and that it remained in Neal's possession from the day it was sent to him. The story of the manuscript's fate, and the presentation of the document in an edited format, are the goals of this inquiry.

Sometimes historians make their reputations by pointing out the errors made by their colleagues. The benefits of correcting the historical record must be weighed by the revisionist against the risk of appearing as a fussy nit-picker before he assumes the task of righting an established wrong. With this responsibility of delicate balance in mind, I offer the following thoughts on "The Old Knapsack," by Samuel Pinckney Pittman.

On December 12, 1954, Tom C. Feathers visited James Preston Neal II in Tulsa, OK. During the visit, Neal presented several essays written by his father, along with other documents pertaining to the Neal family history, to Feathers for the use of the Washington County Historical Society.[2] Included in the papers was the manuscript Samuel Pittman sent Neal's father on that November afternoon sixty-one years before. Feathers took the manuscripts, made typescript copies, and commenced publishing them in *Flashback* beginning with the June, 1955 issue. One month later, Neal died from injuries sustained in an automobile accident, and this sad turn of events was reported in the October, 1955 issue of *Flashback*. In the following issue the Neal manuscripts resumed publication, and for the next three years a total of six additional essays appeared in print.

In February, 1959, Walter J. Lemke, then editor of *Flashback*, published "The Old Knapsack" and credited James P. Neal as the author. At that time, Lemke probably had only Feather's typescript copy of the essay and guessed its date of origin to be "about 1885," near the time of a known Prairie Grove reunion of Confederate veterans.[3] If Lemke, (or Feathers for that matter), had been working from the original manuscript, the note hurriedly added to the last page would have surely caught his attention and credit for the essay would have properly been given to Samuel P. Pittman. Even if the original had been misplaced and the editor had only the typed copy for examination, one glaring inconsistency in crediting Neal with the authorship of "The Old Knapsack" should have been noticed: Although James P. Neal lived in the Prairie Grove area before and after the Civil War, he made his home in Texas during the conflict and was not even present at the 1862 battle. Indeed, there is no evidence that "Colonel" Neal ever served the Confederacy as a soldier.[4]

Samuel Pinckney Pittman (June 27, 1836-July 22, 1915) enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862 and became 1st Sergeant of Company K, 34th

Arkansas Infantry, a regiment largely drawn from Washington County residents. He fought at Prairie Grove, Helena, and Jenkins Ferry during the conflict and obtained the rank of Lieutenant by the end of hostilities. Pittman returned to Washington County in 1865, and aside from a brief stay in Neosho, MO., he lived the rest of his life in Fayetteville, AR.[5] In his later years he took the time to write at least one other reminiscence on his wartime experiences, the "Battle of Prairie Grove," which was published in the Fayetteville *Mountain City Gazette*. This essay vividly describes his nightmarish journey across the Prairie Grove battlefield on the night of December 7, 1862. It is an excellent source on the disposition of the dead and dying following the fight.

In the interests of restoring the proper credit for the provenance of "The Old Knapsack," the essay is again presented to the readers of *Flashback*. This edited version has been prepared from the original manuscript now in the possession of the Special Collections Department of the University of Arkansas Libraries, Fayetteville, AR. I have taken the liberty of adding punctuation and grammatical corrections to make the document easily understandable to the modern reader. Purists may wince at this method, but I feel as if I am merely completing the work that Samuel Pittman would have done himself if the essay had ever been returned to him.

THE OLD KNAPSACK

Poets have immortalized the Old Canteen,[6] but as far as I am aware, no one has said anything about its companion, the Old Knapsack. Mine was an English one of peculiar construction and well adapted to the exigencies of the Rebel service inasmuch as it was roomy enough to stow not only the soldier's clothing, but also his cooking utensils and general camp outfit in the event transportation was short, (which not infrequently happened).

Well I remember the day I became the fortunate posessor of this foreign article which the enemy had permitted to slip through the blockade. Now, I thought, it didn't matter if the wagons got stuck in the mud and didn't get into camp for three weeks. I, at least, was all right. One evening at Spadra Bluff on the Arkansas River, after we had received orders to be ready to march next morning at daylight, I packed my knapsack so as to be on time. When I packed, I discovered that it could be used for a camp stool besides being comfortable as a pillow when lying down. The uses to which it could be put, seemed to me, to fill all the long felt wants of a soldier's life. After strapping it on and unstrapping several times to become familiar with the rig, I took it down to the commissary to have it weighed. It tipped the beam at 83 pounds. No load, thought I, for a big strong fellow like me, and I actually regretted that I did not have something more to put in it. I consoled myself with the thought that I would be able to help some poor fellow who had not been so fortunate as to draw one of those splendid knapsacks.

Next morning, when I had stood in line about an hour waiting for the orders to "march," with my knapsack on my back, a navy six and heavy cartridge box belted around me, a canteen full of water, and an Enfield rifle

slung over my shoulder, it began to dawn on me that perhaps I would be doing my share of the transportation service without soliciting the outfits of my comrades.[7] I am still thankful that I didn't, for before we had marched five miles I could have sworn I was carrying at least three hundred dead weight. Still, I was not discouraged and kept step with the foremost. Were we not going home, and had I not heard all my life that there was nothing like "getting used to it?"

Old soldiers will remember that marching in an army is a very different thing from travelling by oneself or with a companion. The frequent stops and starts will try the patience and staying power of the best, and you will not be surprised to hear me say that when we went into camp that evening twelve miles above Spadra I was pretty well done up. To make matters worse, every wagon belonging to the army was in camp and unloaded in less than an hour. Then it occurred to me what a "blooming idiot" I had been. Instead of letting the mules transport my baggage I had worn myself out unnecessarily. By this time some of the boys who had no knapsacks, or those of smaller calibre, commenced guying me about my load, even offering me one dollar per pound for all the "freight I pulled into Van Buren." That settled it. My temper was up and I resolved to take the freight through though it cost Jeff Davis a soldier. I sat down on the knapsack and I sat very hard. I was tired. I laid down and slept on it, or at least I felt like I had just got to sleep when the drums beat reveille next morning. In addition to the tired feeling and general soreness, two spots about the size of my hand had developed on my back just where the south edge of the knapsack had rested the day before that didn't seem to have any skin upon them. These facts I kept to myself, and if there be any living who guyed me then I can forgive them for they "knew not what they did."

After moving out and getting limbered up, each step that brought me nearer home served to raise my spirits. I began to speculate upon the coming battle, which we felt assured we were going to meet, and in a measure I was relieved of the weight upon me by having my thoughts on something else. But that night Lieutenant B.[8], who lost his life on this battlefield a few days later, (one of the kindest and best men I ever knew), asked me why I lay upon my face. I replied that in one of the histories of Napoleon which I had read the author had stated that that was the proper position for a soldier to assume when going to sleep. I told a lie, but I thought the circumstances would justify it. The fact was that a feather bed would have been too hard for my sore back.

When we got to Van Buren I demanded my pack be weighed and one dollar per pound be paid in good and lawful money, but as pay had never come around I finally had to compromise with the boys upon their agreement to set me up a good supper.[9] I never did know where they got those chickens, honey, etc., and truth is it did not become me to be too inquisitive. I was simply there to do justice to the occasion and those of you who remember the appetites we grew and cultivated while lying on the sand bar at Spadra Bluff will rise up and say, "He did!"

After a few days rest at Mazzard Prairie[10] south of Fort Smith, we were ordered to march, and this time the head of the column pointed in this direction. I had resolved to transfer the greater portion of the weight in my knapsack to the wagon, but orders were issued for the wagons to remain in the rear and for each man to carry three days rations. We knew then that there was music in the air. Notwithstanding my poor back was one solid scab, I shouldered that blessed knapsack and stepped into line, if not with a light load, a very light heart, for it was the mountains and into the valley to drive the invaders from "God's Country" and our homes.

Well, lest some young person not old enough to remember what did occur mistakes the will for the deed, I will just say here that we didn't do it, but the thought of what we were going to do cheered and inspired us, and sore feet and backs were forgotten. The night before the battle of Prairie Grove was spent by the Rebel army at John Morrows, eight miles south on Cove Creek.[11] We knew the enemy was not far off but did not known when we would meet them. The next morning at three a.m., without blast of bugle or beat of drum, we filed into the road leading up the mountain. At daylight we were double-quicking[12] down the mountain on this side. After passing John Mock's we filed left by the old Moore place.[13] At sunup we met two hundred federal prisoners under guard at the Andy Crawford place.[14] These prisoners had been captured by Marmaduke's cavalry just west of the graveyard a few minutes before.[15] We knew now that the battle was on, and we knew very near where it would be: right in the midst of our houses within the hearing of our loved ones.

It would be impossible for me to describe our feelings at this point. Any judge of human nature could have seen that these men were going to fight. Few of them were ever on a battlefield but the springy step, the compressed lips, and the steady expression of their eyes proved that they were determined to do their duty. Opposite the old church, strewn in the road and on the sides, were lying the bodies of those killed in the cavalry fight a few minutes before. With a yell and a double quick we sprang over them and passed up the road. All morning that infernal old knapsack had been beating tattoo on my poor back, and under any other circumstances would have brought forth yells of pain at every step. A little further on we met old man Linden[16] in a dog trot, swinging his hat and shouting to us to, "Go in, boys! That's the way I done in the Black Hawk War!" He turned and trotted along by my side for a little while and proposed to take my knapsack and take care of it. I told him we were going right on to Springfield, Missouri, and from that point we would invade the north and as it would likely be cold up there I would need my clothes, and if he took them I might not find him again. I also knew the old man could not carry that pack fifty yards in a day and I clung to it with a desperation worthy of a better object.

At the brow of the hill west of old man Rogers's place[17] came the short quick command, "By file, right march," and we were in the woods, halted, fronted, and march to a ravine east of the Borden Orchard. Here we were halted and ordered to "lie down." Just in our front was a Rebel battery and pretty soon we saw a line of blue coats making for it. They shot down the

horses and came on with a cheer, and now came the parting with the old knapsack and all of my soldier equipage.[18]

I think the first shot was fired after we rose up cut the strap that bound the knapsack to my right shoulder and it swung around and slipped to the ground. During the day I had no time to think of it, but when I remebered the torture it had been, and the loss of all my worldly goods, camp treasures, etc., I bitterly resented the fate that caused me to lug it over all those weary miles and then turn it over to the enemy.

I am not going to follow the battle of that day. Some other time, perhaps, should we meet on a similar occasion I may give some of its incidents. The scars of war are healed. My back is well. Peace reigns over this beautiful valley and forever may it continue.

Ex First Sergeant, Company K,
34th Arkansas Infantry

NOTES

[1]No reference to the proposed reunion at Prairie Grove can be found in the December, 1893 issues of the *Fayetteville Democrat* or the *Arkansas Sentinel*. The *Prairie Grove Banner* was established in 1887, but no issues from the year 1893 appear to have survived. A very large Confederate reunion held in the summer of 1893 at Bentonville may have given Neal the idea for a summer gathering at Prairie Grove a few months later. See *Northwest Arkansas Times*, June 14, 1960

[2]Tom C. Feathers, "James Preston Neal II," *Flashback* V (October 1955) p. 7.

[3]Robert R. Logan, "First Confederate Reunion in Washington County," *Flashback* XII (December 1962) p. 15.

[4]*History of Benton, Washington, Carroll, Madison, Crawford, Franklin, and Sebastian Counties, Arkansas* (Chicago: Goodpseed Publishing Co., 1889) p. 994. "During the war Mr. Neal was actively engaged in furnishing the Confederate Army with supplies. He was a presidential elector and voted for Jeff Davis for his second term."

[5]I would like to thank Mrs. Ruth Dick of Ottawa, Kansas for her valuable assistance in providing genealogical data she has gathered regarding her great-uncle, Samuel Pittman.

[6]At least three separate poets have published pieces bearing the title "The Old Canteen": George M. Vickers, George M. White, and Harry S. Edwards. See Edith Granger, ed., *An Index to Poetry and Recitations* (Chicago: A.C. McClurg & Co., 1918) p. 225.

[7]Taking into account the weight of an Enfield rifle, (approximately 9 lbs.), and that of a Colt Navy revolver, (2.69 pounds), along with a heavy bayonet and cartridge box, poor Samuel might have been toting close to one hundred pounds at the beginning of this march! Francis A. Lord, *Civil War Collector's Encyclopedia*, (Harrisburg: Stackpole Co., 1963) pp. 206, 247.

[8]Benjamin Franklin Boone, (1828-1863), was a Washington County attorney who established a post office and store at Boone's Grove near present-day Elkins, Arkansas. He married Susan A. Robertson on November 25, 1852, and the couple had at least four children prior to the Civil War. Boone enlisted in the Arkansas State troops during the summer of 1862 and later became 2nd lieutenant of Company K, 34th Arkansas Infantry. He received a fatal wound during the fighting at Prairie Grove and died nearly three months later after his removal to a hospital at Cane Hill. A touching letter to his wife, instructing her of his wishes should he be killed, has survived. Nora Boone Carlisle, "A Letter of Lieutenant Boone, CSA," *Arkansas Historical Quarterly* III (1944) pp. 63-65; Goodspeed, *History of Washington County* p. 917.

[9]The 34th Arkansas Infantry first received its pay after the battle of Prairie Grove while the regiment was camped at the mouth of the Big Piney River. Clem McCulloch, "Fighting Thirty-Fourth: Its Men and Service," *Flashback* XII (December 1962) p. 9.

[10]The 34th had some temporary relief from their hunger by butchering and gorging themselves on fresh beef at Mazzard's Prairie. Unfortunately, the rich food after such a prolong-

ed fast left man of the Rebel soldiers sick after the feast. McCulloch, "Fighting Thirty-Fourth," p. 7.

[11]John Morrow, (1808-1885) was a South Carolina native who came to Washington County about 1832. He settled on a tract near Cove Creek south of Prairie Grove near other members of his family. At least one of John's nephews served in the 34th Arkansas, George Wilson Morrow. The John Morrow house, scene of a dramatic conference between Major General Thomas C. Hindman and his subordinates on the night of December 6, 1862, has been moved to the battlefield to serve as a part of the Prairie Grove Battlefield Historic State Park. Mary Cox, "The Morrow Family," *Flashback* XIII (July 1963) p. 21; John N. Edwards, *Shelby and his Men; or The War in the West* (Cincinnati: Miami Printing & Publishing Co., 1867) p. 113-114.

[12]"Double-quick" was a rate of march requiring soldiers to cover 109 yards per minute with 140 steps. Jack Coggins, *Arms and Equipment of the Civil War* (Garden City: Doubleday & Co., 1962) p. 23.

[13]John Mock, (1821-1899), was a farmer from Tennessee who settled south of the Prairie Grove area in 1861. He served in the 16th Arkansas Infantry during the early part of the war. Some civilian refugees gathered at Mock's home following the battle on December 7, 1862. Goodspeed, *History of Washington County*, p. 991; "Personal Recollection of the Battle of Prairie Grove and Troubles That Followed," unsigned manuscript, Arkansas History Commission, Little Rock, Arkansas.

[14]Andrew A. Crawford, (?-1862), was among the early settlers of Washington County and elected County Judge in 1860. He resigned that position to enlist in the Confederate forces and obtained the rank of Captain of Company D, 11th Arkansas Infantry. Crawford lost his life at the battle of Corinth, Mississippi.

[15]Brigadier General John S. Marmaduke, commanding General Hindman's 4th Division consisting of several cavalry brigades, struck at advance elements of Union Brigadier General Francis Herron's troops during the early morning hours of December 7. The Yankees were totally surprised by the flying Rebel horsemen and routed so completely that Herron actually had to shoot one of his own men in order to prevent a general stampede. United States War Department, *The War of the Rebellion; A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* (Washington: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1880-1901), Series I, Volume XXII, Part 1, p. 103.

[16]Every attempt to identify "Old Man Linden" has been met with frustrating defeat. No such person is listed in the 1860 census for the Ada post office district of Mountain Township, nor has the name appeared in any Washington County place name that I know of. Any help in identifying this individual would be greatly appreciated.

[57]"Old Man Rogers" is most likely Hugh Rogers, the father of Prairie Grove physician Samuel E. Rogers who was present at the battle and probably pressed into service during its aftermath. Hugh Rogers' home was located on the northwest side of the Cane Hill-Fayetteville road and not far from the Ada post office. Goodspeed, *History of Washington County*, p. 1013; "Recollections of Battle," Arkansas History Commission.

[18]Although Pittman stops short of actually describing his experiences during the course of the battle of Prairie Grove, his version of the opening maneuvers corroborates with those found in the *Official Records* and elsewhere. The 34th Arkansas, part of Brigadier General James F. Fagan's brigade, faced elements of the 19th Iowa Infantry, the 20th Wisconsin Infantry, and other troops under the command of Brigadier General Francis Herron. The charge for the Rebel battery was described by Lt. Colonel Henry Bertram of the 20th Wisconsin in the following report. "I observed a battery of the enemy, supported by infantry, trying to get into position in my front. I immediately ordered the 20th Wisconsin to charge the battery, which was done in gallant style... After taking the battery, the regiment advanced under heavy fire to the brow of the hill where they met a heavy force of the enemy's infantry...and obliged them to fall back." U.S. War Department, *Official Records*, Series I, Volume XXII, Part 1, p. 135.

For an interesting version of the fight from a junior Yankee officer's point of view, see "Excerpt From Diary of Lt. Charles W. Huff, 19th Iowa Infantry," Walter J. Lemke, ed., *Flashback* XII (December, 1962) p. 36.

To Our Members From Your Executive Board

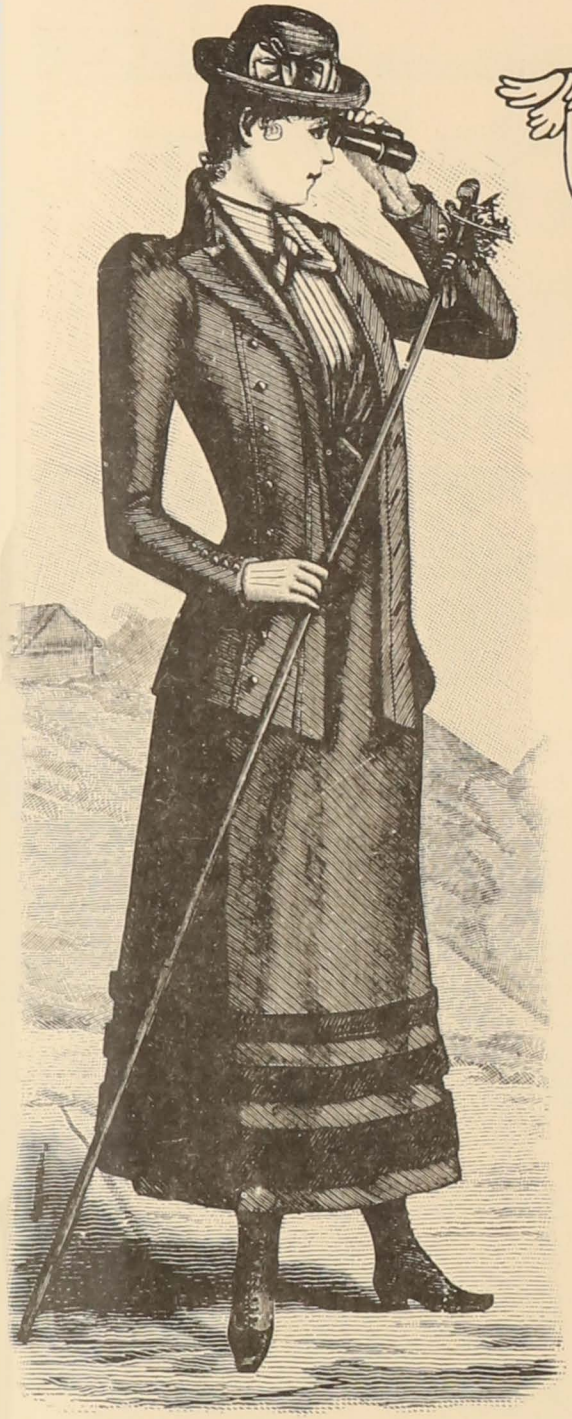
For several years we have debated the value of quarterly meetings. Two of these — the one in August coincides with the Ice Cream Social and the first Sunday in December is for election of officers and budgetary considerations — perform the vital functions of money raising and business transactions. The other two are strictly social and do not arouse the interest or attendance we have striven for. The last quarterly meeting of May 3, 1987 cost your Society $3.07 for each attendee. That figure does not include the cost of refreshments which were contributed by volunteers. Your board feels the time and money could be better used in, say, the Future Heritage project. Let us know how you feel about having just two meetings a year: the Ice Cream Social and an annual business meeting.

All of which brings up another appeal requesting more capital to bankroll the Future Heritage Endowment Fund. We have optimistically gone ahead with the work of landscaping. We're continuing our search for large contributions. The local philanthropic organizations have not been generous. We've applied for a matching grant, but have had no word about it so far. If you have any influence with a business or organization that could help, please suggest whom we may contact.

Further, a $500 or $1,000 gift will put your name or that of someone you designate on a plaque to be prominently displayed in Headquarters House. Or the same cash amounts will place an acknowledgement outdoors as a long-lived memorial to your loved one. If it is inconvenient to pay the whole sum now, we are delighted to have your pledge payable monthly, quarterly, annually — however you prefer. Of course we will gratefully accept any sum to fill this most important upkeep pool.

PLEASE — remember donations are still tax deductible. Just make out your check to WCHS marked "Future Heritage".

ALL 1987 DONATIONS WILL APPLY TOWARD A CHALLENGE GRANT FROM THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE HUMANITIES.



We're looking for more than a few good men and women!

Good ol' folks who want to contribute to our fund to maintain the beautiful grounds emerging at our beloved Headquarters House.

See page 48 for details.

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